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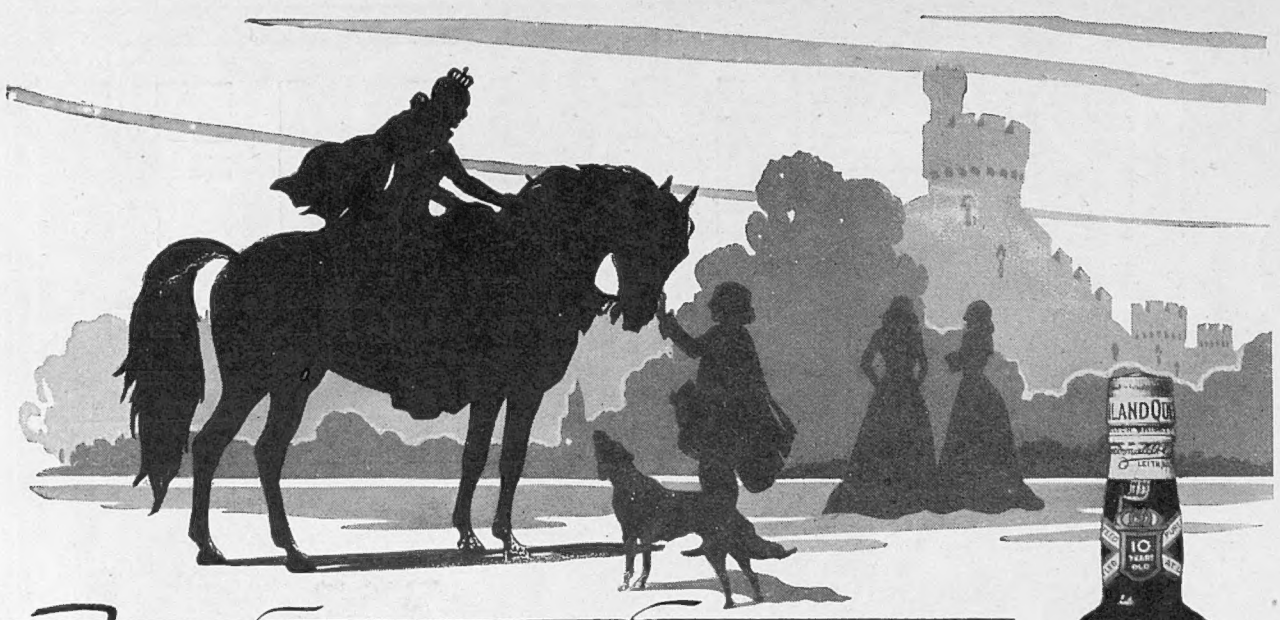

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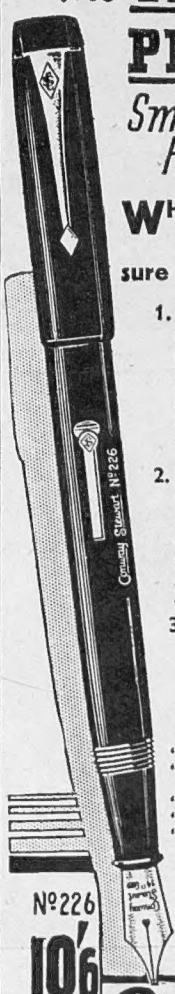

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Volume CLII No. 1991

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 19, 1938

GERMANY MARCHES INTO AUSTRIA

Troops of the 61st Infantry Regiment Passing Beneath a Raised Customs Barrier as They Pushed Forward Across the Frontier to Vienna

The long cherished desire of Chancellor Hitler, Austrian-born Führer of the German Reich, to unite Austria with the Fatherland was brought to fruition last week. At 10 p.m. on Friday, March 11, after a day of great nervous tension throughout Europe, the Prussian military machine, acting beyond the fatherland for the first time in two decades, swept forward into action, crossing the Austro-German frontier at Salzburg, Kufstein, and Mittenwald, and with its advance the Austria of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg—the Catholic Austria that fought so gallantly to maintain independence—surrendered in the face of sheer force. German infantry and artillery occupied Vienna, Linz, Graz, and all the chief towns and cities of the country, while one detachment pushed on to the Brenner Pass, at the very gateway of Italy, there to exchange courtesies with the Fascist guards posted at the frontier. Meanwhile Dr. Schuschnigg, who had made such a bold bid to hold his own, had given place to pro-Nazi Dr. von Seyss-Inquart as Chancellor, and Nazis had taken full control of public institutions throughout the country. The invasion was complete at one dramatic stroke, and it only needed the arrival of Herr Hitler himself, which in due course followed, to complete the triumph of all who had advocated union between Austria and Germany and the disillusion of all who had cherished the ideal of independence. (Further pictures will be found on pages 446, 448, 449, 450, 451, 466, and 467)

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EUROPE'S DRAMATIC WEEK-END: How the London newspapers recorded the developing drama of Germany's occupation of Austria, from the first alarming rumours that began to circulate on Friday evening to the entry of Hitler into his native land as recorded in *The Times* (at foot) on Monday

A LONDON NEWS

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4

Wednesday, March 16, 1938.

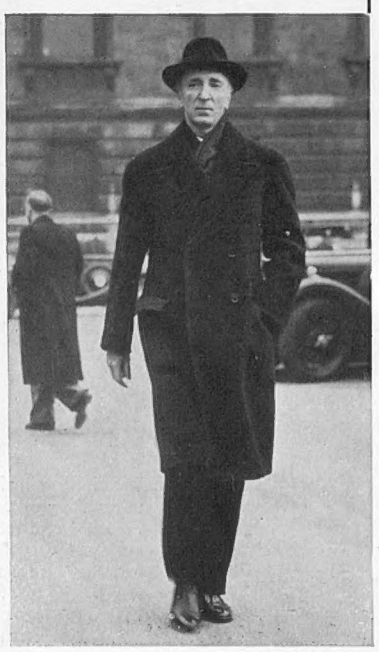
"ICH BIN FERTIG." — Germany dropped the mask on March 11 and revealed the wolf's grinning chops. One month after the Berchtesgaden surrender German armies marched on Vienna. The Dictator's latest "scrap of paper" remained outside the waste paper basket a rather shorter time than most of us expected—that was all. On March 11 — following Schuschnigg's plebiscite decision—the German Government presented two ultimatums, the postponement of the plebiscite and the resignation of the Chancellor with unrestricted freedom for the Austrian Nazis and the return to Austria of the Dollfuss refugees. Without awaiting replies, Hitler mobilised an army corps at Munich. At 7.30 in the evening the Chancellor broadcast his decision to yield to force—to brute force, as he put it, and gave instructions to Austrian troops not to resist the invasion. "*Ich bin fertig*" were the last words he whispered into the microphone and he spoke for himself, for Austria, and for Europe in our time. Seyss-Inquart assumed the Chancellorship at the head of an all-Nazi Government and the Austrian legionaries and Reich troops poured into Austria forthwith to "maintain order." This act of brigandage surpasses any accomplished by Hitler (or his dictators) since his campaign of national reinstatement began. Nothing he can say to clothe his action in some sort of logical or "constitutional" garb can have the smallest effect on civilised opinion. It brings the prospect of a European war home to those who have repelled the nightmare, and no limit can be set to the consequences of such a crime and its implications. It is the mailed fist of barbarism against which nothing can stand; *nothing*, having regard to the present state of civilised opinion regarding the justification for war, to the present stage of rearmament among the Democracies, and to their policy of dither as to what would justify them in co-operating to counter aggression by means less futile than wordy protest. At the moment of writing, this news is transcendent. We begin now to *re-arm in earnest*. Guns are not enough. We need a policy, fixed and definite, and pluck and allies.

REACTION IN LONDON TO THE NEWS FROM VIENNA: A glimpse of the huge crowd which gathered in Trafalgar Square last Sunday at the demonstration organised by the International Peace Campaign to protest against the German action in Austria

PERSONALITIES IN A WEEK-END OF DIPLOMATIC ACTIVITY IN LONDON

HERR VON RIBBENTROP IN DOWNING STREET: Germany's Foreign Minister, until lately Ambassador in London, arriving at No. 11 to take lunch with the Prime Minister on the eve of the German coup in Austria. He was left in no doubt as to Britain's attitude to precipitate action by Hitler

INTERESTED PARTIES: M. Corbin (left), the French Ambassador in London, and M. Jan Masaryk, the Czechoslovakian Minister in London, pictured outside the Foreign Office on Sunday after calling on Lord Halifax to discuss the situation arising from Germany's occupation of Austria



BARON FRANCKENSTEIN, Austrian Minister to London, who has now been recalled, leaving the Foreign Office on Saturday after conversations with Sir Robert Vansittart, Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Government, and Sir Alexander Cadogan, Permanent Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

ARMY REORGANISATION.—Mr. Belisha has been rather more than nine months at the War Office. Last week he "showed his babe and made his boast." His scheme of army reforms, more comprehensive and radical than any in our history, will stand for comparison beside those of Cardwell and Haldane, both of which served their turns during crises in our history. Once more conditions, inventions, and political changes have thrown the old machinery into scrap and army policy into the melting pot. The invention of flying has given priority to home defence over expeditions or striking force, a change which consorts happily with British international morality. Army policy henceforth puts home defence first under three categories (1) air defence, (2) internal security, (3) coast defence. Defence of Empire comes second and its organisation depends on the integrity of sea communications. Those parts of the Empire most vulnerable in sea communications must henceforth be self-supporting, that is to say, must be able to garrison their strong points locally during the first months of war. This military reserve, thanks to new inventions, can and must be a reserve, regionally placed, and capable of being rushed to any threatened point. Risks are inevitable, our resources in men and even machines being limited, and those centres most vulnerable must have preference in garrison resources. In the past the army in India has been the factor dominating Imperial defence. Principles also are in the melting-pot. "Cannon-fodder" is an archaism. Machine power has superseded man-power, and man-power has become an embarrassment beyond the point at which it must be maintained to drive and keep moving the machines of death. The money once spent on men will henceforth provide more machines; motorised light M.G. divisions and Tank divisions. The smaller cadres will immensely benefit by improved pay and standards of living, by greater humanity and justice, by the abolition of "Prussian" and senseless, soulless forms of discipline in drill and "spit-and-polish," and by the encouragement of initiative and keenness through more liberal methods of promotion by merit. If half of Mr. Belisha's plans materialise, the results will be cheap at the price and our army should be an effective defence force.

CIVIL AVIATION.— Lord Cadman's Report on Civil Aviation has been widely studied, both by serious students and by lovers of sensation who flitted through it, alighting like butterflies on the flowers of trenchant criticism. It was admitted that

LETTER it was thorough, swiftly compiled, and impartial enough to satisfy even Labour doubters that the chairman was the right man in the right place for a disagreeable duty, and a very controversial and important investigation. The language of criticism is very direct and very strong where blame appeared to attach. Indeed, it is a *J'accuse* among British official documents. The charges against the Air Ministry were trenchantly particularised and spared not the officials at the top—planning ahead was chaotic, subsidies to private firms had been unwisely allocated, encouragement of improved makes of machines had been consistently withheld. If civil aviation is indeed the key and cornerstone of air power, as the village archer was the military strength of medieval England, these charges are grave and must be answered. Imperial Airways are not less roughly handled. Victimisation of civil pilots who had not "come to heel," unhappy relations between company and staff, obsolete machines and "laughing-stock" services over Europe, and a board unsatisfactory for lack of full-time directors, and specially deserving of censure alike for its financial policy and lack of organisation. As a result, the Report recommends drastic reforms in the administration of the Ministry and in the organisation, policy, and planning of the Board. This report, which is by its broad acceptance by the Government an admission of grave failure by the Government, affords at least one cheerful reflection. Its very severity is an earnest of the soundness of our democracy. It is human to err and to err is not fatal, if official pride does not burke the discovery of error in good time. There *is* time because, with the best will in the world, civil aviation must wait on defence production, even if that be putting the cart before the horse. And, incidentally, as the cry is redoubled for more and more civil aerodromes, it may be that all England will not yell in the chorus. This is a small island (and very peaceful and beautiful it once was). Civil aviation *in* our island has not developed rapidly as yet for other reasons than the apathy of the authorities. Given a plethora of aerodromes in every county, the restricted size of Britain and her weather are not very encouraging factors for making the nation air-minded. Several private owners have sold their planes and returned to earth. And those who have their week-end rest in the neighbourhood of aerodromes (Hatfield, for example) know well what devastation to our peace "really satisfactory results" of planning and encouraging civil aviation will bring in its train. Inevitable, of course. We cannot lag behind. But unpleasant, none the less. A few last ditchers perhaps will whisper a blessing on the dishonoured heads of Dilly and Dally.

THE RUSSIAN TRIALS.—

No one has ever yet satisfactorily explained to the average Briton the puzzle of these Russian trials. So inexplicable indeed is the mystery of these staged tragi-comedies that it was small wonder that the idea grew at one time that the executions were no more real than the trials which led to conviction, and that in some merry hinterland accusers and victims met round a festive board to toast the Soviets and to crack their ribs at the easy gullibility of Capitalist Europe. That pleasant idea has no doubt no basis in fact. The accused, having done all (and more) that fanatics can do to secure their own convictions, no doubt suffer the death penalty. The mystery remains. Tchechov's plays give us some faint idea of Russian mentality in Tsarist days. Human nature does not change and the Russian mentality is no doubt alien to anything more or less familiar to British experience. But still and for ever the insoluble mystery remains. Granted that there is something in the nature of the Russian which in certain circumstances inspires him to gulp down martyrdom like wine and to rise to fantastic heights in a tragic role, assumed with zest, yet why so crude and childish a plot, so clumsy a play, so thin a story? Is it simplicity that sees in the outside world so primitive and foolish an audience? Or is it contempt for all races but their own that persuades the Russian stage managers that their audience of Europe will swallow any jumble of dramatic impossibilities, any fairy-tale, the crudest hash of feuilleton spy-drama? No doubt these victims bleed for national propaganda? But why is the propaganda so crude and unconvincing? The trial proves that Russia is still semi-civilised and Bolshevism hitherto rotten to the core.

FAR FROM THE TROUBLED CONTINENT: A peaceful scene during the spring-sowing of oats on a farm near Cobham, Kent. *On right*—A fine display of blackthorn blossom at Farningham. It is popularly supposed to bring cold weather. Maybe this is the rule-proving exception

THE WOOLSACK.—

Lord Maugham, brother of the novelist and playwright and descended from a great family of lawyers on his mother's side, a Lord of Appeal immensely respected by the Bar, succeeds Lord Hailsham on the Woolsack. Appointments to that high office of lawyers "pure and simple," with no political experience, have been rare. Lord Sankey is the *locus classicus* of our time and the precedent is by no means discouraging. Lord Maugham is seventy-two and has every qualification which legal experience and great ability can give him. Lord Hailsham's health required a less onerous post and his peculiarly valuable gifts and wide experience of affairs will be retained in the service of the Cabinet by his assumption of the office of Lord President, vacated by Lord Halifax. Lord Stanhope becomes Leader in the House of Lords.

DR. J. M. BULLOCH.—

Dr. J. M. Bulloch who died the other day was one of the founders of THE SPHERE on which he worked for several years with Clement Shorter. He was an Aberdonian and came of a literary and academic family. Journalist, poet, antiquary, genealogist, historian, and dramatic critic, he was the author of many books and the accepted historian of the Gordons, and he contributed almost every week of his life to the review columns of the Press, latterly of the Allied Newspapers, one of whose chief literary critics he was at his death. He possessed all Andrew Lang's enthusiasm for things old and things Scots, for genealogy and for the by-ways and scrap-heaps of the past. If he had not all Lang's scholarship, he possessed all his energy and zeal and more than all his self-confidence concerning the truth of obscure matters which his researches brought to light. He was very industrious and very methodical. His vast store of queer knowledge was indexed and cross-referenced in files and must be a mine of great value to students of research who may have access to it. He was also intensely interested in the drama, possessed a monster collection of old play bills numbering about 4,000, covering forty years of theatre going, and he knew the family history of generations of actors. He was an interesting companion to all who shared any of his varied interests and he had many friends who admired his genial qualities and the range of his interest and the curiosity of his mind.

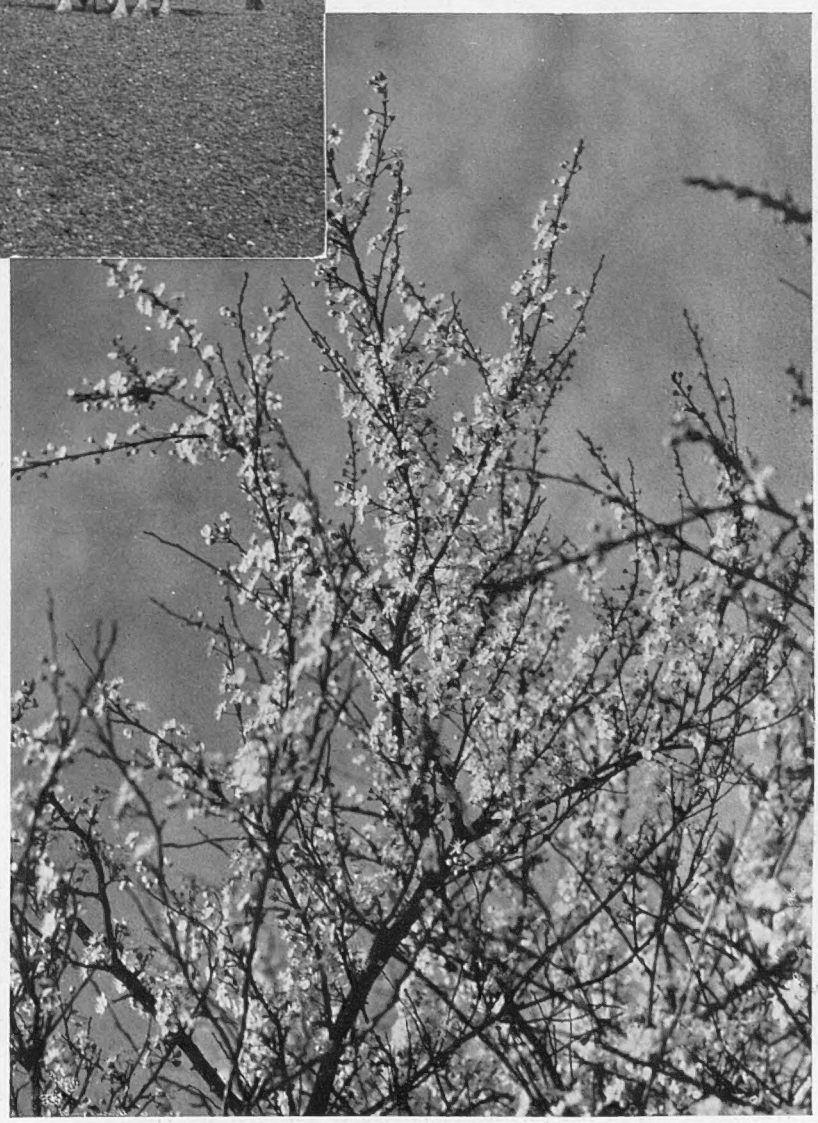
SPELLING BEE.—

The ashes of English spelling returned to England the other day from those United States. British pride should be tempered at this triumph, for the howlers on both sides were rank and smelled to Heaven. I don't call myself highly educated. Spelling and simple arithmetic were ever obstacles to my academic successes but—dash it—that smattering of latinity which I carried away from school and Oxford (which Dr. Norwood recently deplored as sheer waste of time) would have carried me gaily over most of the fences which brought humiliatingly down some of the cracks selected to represent the two great English speaking nations. "Re-vifify," "thawns," (for fauns), "flaxid," "abolishonist," "vurdure"—these howlers, typical of a number that were made, surely would have disgraced a private school. Hang it, we can do better than that in selecting our international teams on both sides of the pond.

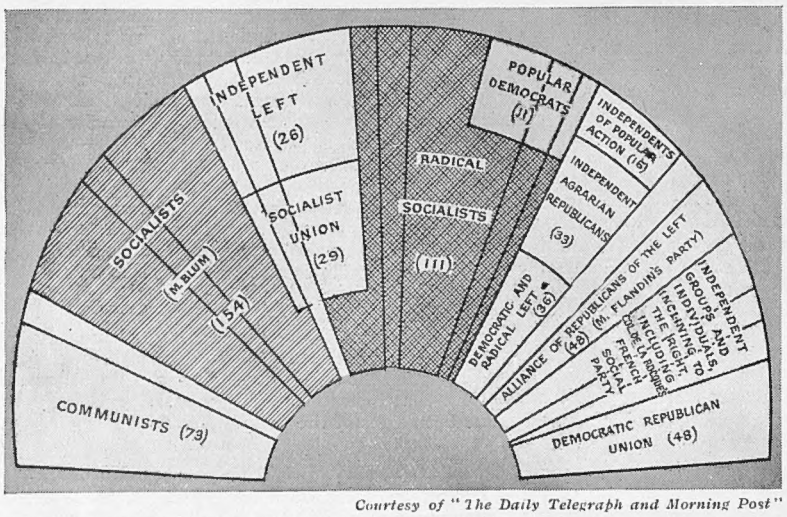
SUMMER INTERLUDE.—

No doubt when these lines are public property, we shall be shivering again. But it were ungrateful not to record a mi-carême in winter of rarest splendour. In many parts of Southern England the sun shone warm and strong day after day for three weeks. When March and Lent came in, it warmed up to May weather. For several days, a summer sun shone for 10 hours daily from a serene blue sky, it was windless and utterly still, or occasionally a grateful breeze gave relief to sun-soaked dozers in deck chairs. No exaggeration. By March 1 the bees were busy and musical among the garden heaths; the brimstone butterflies were all over the place; the old fashioned double daffodils were blooming in the open and Lent lilies were out in the woods, and the school children came laden with primroses from the copses. Larks were singing merrily and the colour and warmth had returned to lawns and gardens. The thermometer stood as high as sixty as early as 10 o'clock in sheltered places outside the house for several days. When this foretaste of summer descends on England in early March, who envies the Riviera folk or the tourists to the African coast? On these rare occasions we can do the business better in England at less expense and infinitely more comfortably. I envied no man between March 2 and 15; during those divine days the contrast between the peace and kindliness and beauty of Nature and the storms and tempests that rack the human race was vivid and poignant.

THE OLD STAGER



PARIS: M. Blum Fails to Form a National Government, and Falls Back Once Again on the Narrow Basis of the Popular Front Combination



Courtesy of "The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post"

THE COMPLEXITY OF FRENCH PARTY POLITICS: This sketch map, showing the various groups in the Chamber, is of particular interest at this moment in view of the fact that yet another change of Government has come about. The Socialists (led by M. Blum) and the Radical Socialists (led by M. Chautemps) have been combining to form the Popular Front, but they are uneasy partners, and last week the Socialists refused to grant the Government the plenary powers it considered necessary to stabilise the financial situation. As a result M. Chautemps resigned, and M. Blum boldly attempted to form a National Government; but it was not to be, and in the end he re-formed the Popular Front

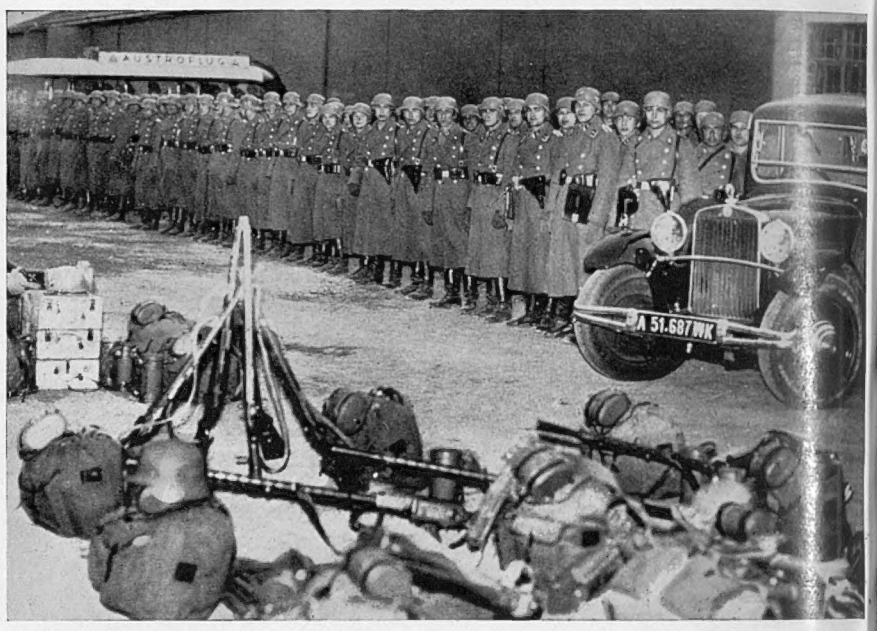
TRIALS OF A CABINET-MAKER: M. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader, surrounded by journalists after leaving one of the many conferences held in Paris last week before he finally succeeded in forming a Ministry. As noted above he had hoped to set up a National Government, which was to include representatives of all the principal parties, but M. Flandin, a former Premier, defied him

PILLARS OF RADICALISM: M. Sarraut (centre) and M. Daladier (right centre), both of whom have formerly held the Premiership, arriving at M. Blum's house to discuss the formation of the new Ministry in which both of them consented to join. M. Daladier's special task is the organisation of national defence

"J'ATTENDS LA TEMPÉRATURE DE FUSION," said M. Herriot, President of the French Chamber (who is depicted here surrounded by journalists on leaving the Elysée), when he was asked last week to form a National Government in France. Of late he has persistently refused to take over the Premiership

VIENNA OCCUPIED:

WITH ARMOURED CARS: Steel-helmeted German troops streaming into the streets of Vienna on Monday morning, their arrival swelling the ranks of those who had poured into the city on Saturday and Sunday. It is reckoned that the German forces in Austria total 60,000, and they have been posted in all the chief centres of population



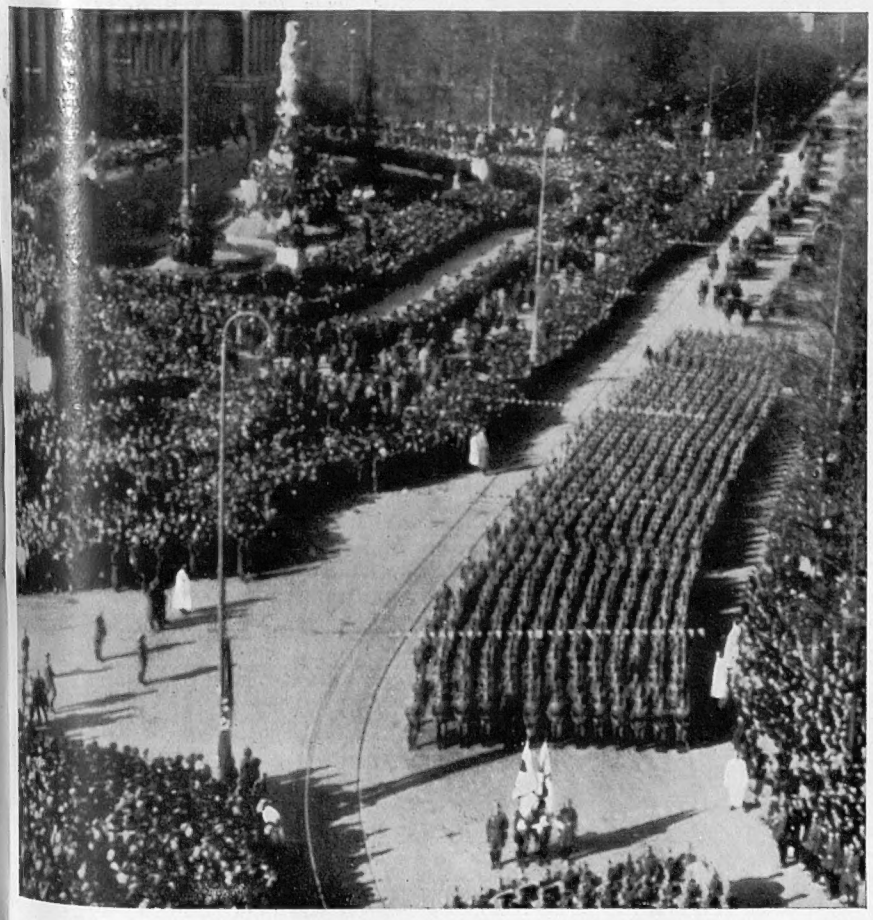
THEY CAME FROM THE SKIES: German troops lined up at Aspern airport, Vienna, after flying across the Austro-German border as the vanguard of the bloodless invasion. The city woke last Saturday morning to the roar of scores of troop-carrying planes which, before they landed, all dropped shoals of leaflets, each bearing the inscription, "National Socialist Germany greets her National Socialist Austria. Heil Hitler"

THE FUHRER IN THE CAPITAL OF HIS "HOMELAND": Herr Hitler standing up in his car as he drove through Vienna on Monday to the accompaniment of a continuous storm of cheering. *On right*—A glimpse of the great military parade held on Tuesday afternoon in the Ringstrasse when 20,000 troops paraded before the Chancellor in by far the biggest display of military might seen in Austria since the close of the great war

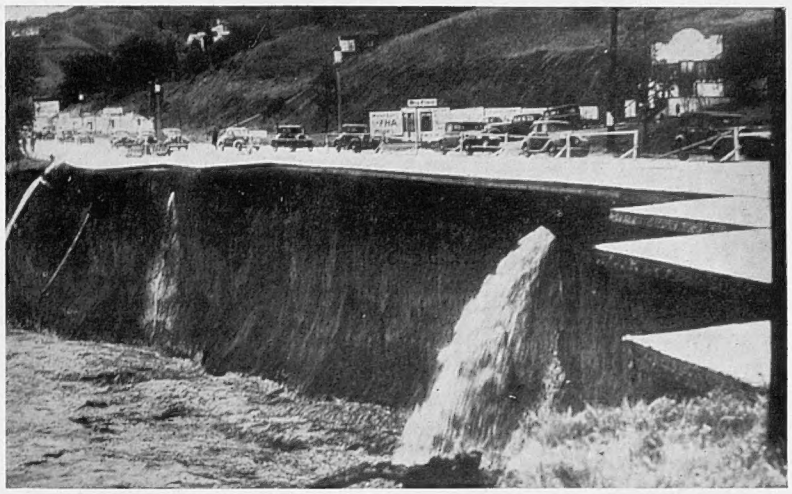
German Troops Enter the Austrian Capital by Plane, Armoured Car, Lorry, and Motor Cycle : Chancellor Hitler Follows On, Receiving an Exuberant Reception and Afterwards Staging an Impressive Parade of Germany's Military Might

GERMAN MECHANISED UNITS had an enthusiatic welcome when they reached Vienna on Monday after the long drive across the border from Bavaria over roads thronged to capacity. The first detachments of infantry had arrived two days before by air, using as transports scores of heavy bombers converted for the occasion

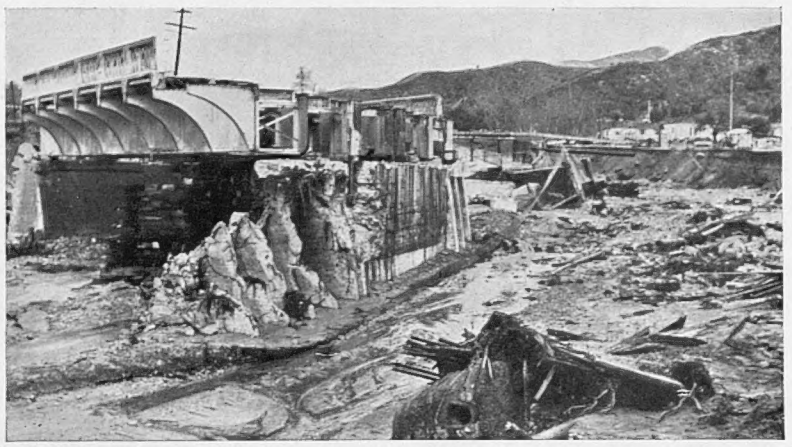
MOBILE POLICE mounted on motor cycles followed the aeroplanes into Vienna, large numbers of them reaching the city last Saturday morning, twelve hours after the invasion began. Taking up little space on the roads they were able to speed on their fast motor cycles past the heavier mechanised units such as armoured cars and tanks which time and time again were held up in traffic blocks through sheer weight of numbers



LOS ANGELES: Scenes in the Devastated Californian Flood Area



NATURE WAGES WAR: The tremendous power of the recent Los Angeles floods is demonstrated by this picture showing the havoc wrought on Ventura Boulevard, one half of which was swept away by the waters, leaving the paving stones suspended and the cavity depicted in the foreground of the illustration



PLAYTHING OF THE WATERS: All that remained of La Canada Street Bridge, Los Angeles, after the floods had swept down, destroying everything in their path. California, world-renowned for its pleasant climate, experienced the most phenomenal rainfall in its history, and the damage done to property was conservatively estimated at £5,000,000, while over 120 people lost their lives

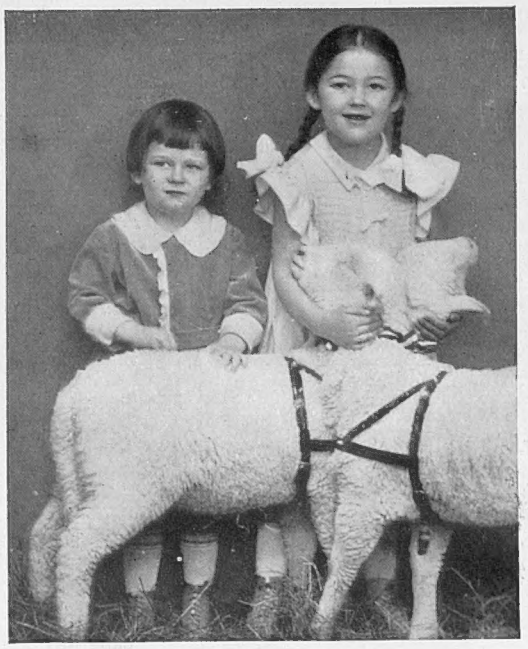
THE RAGING WATERS OF THE LOS ANGELES RIVER resulted in this railroad bridge becoming a twisted mass of wreckage past all hope of repair. Scenes such as this were recorded throughout the Southern California flood area, and it needed the entire resources of the Red Cross, the American Legion, and the local police and fire departments to help the injured and homeless to safety

FILM STAR IN DISTRESS: Madeleine Carroll being helped to safety after being marooned for many hours in her home on Malibu Beach, where the tide and the floodwaters had surrounded her house on all sides. Finally, the waters subsided sufficiently for her to wade through to safety, but for a while there were fears for her. Several other film stars were involved in the inundation

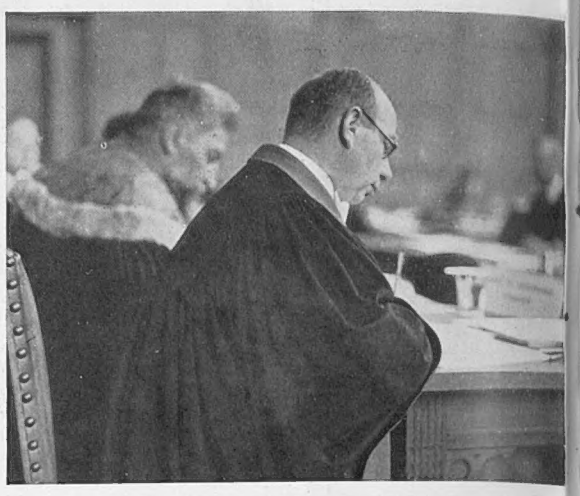
AUSTRIA'S STRUGGLE

The Historical Background of the Conflict

THE "POCKET" CHANCELLOR WHO BATTLED TO KEEP AUSTRIA INDEPENDENT: This picture of the late Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, accompanied by his wife, was taken in October, 1933, after an attempt had been made to assassinate him. The Little Chancellor came into power in May, 1932, at the age of forty and during the following two years his courage, personality, and social charm gained him wide sympathy in his struggle to maintain the Fatherland Front against the machinations of the "Right," represented by the Nazis, and the "Left," represented by the Socialists. On July 25, 1934, however, his gallant effort came to an end when he was murdered in the abortive Nazi putsch



ORPHANS OF THE STORM: Eva and Rudi, the children of Dr. Dollfuss, who were taken to Italy by their mother following the murder of the Chancellor and personally befriended by Mussolini



1931 AT THE HAGUE: Here we see Dr. Kauffmann, the leader of the Austrian delegation, during the sitting of the Permanent Court of International Justice to debate the legality of the proposed Customs Union (commercial Anschluss) between Austria and Germany in relation to the Peace Treaties. The plan was eventually withdrawn

WHEN THE "LEFT" MADE A BID FOR POWER: One of the blocks of workers' flats in Vienna after it had been besieged by the Dollfuss Government in 1934 and the Socialists had been defeated. Thereafter the Chancellor was free to concentrate on keeping down the "Right" as represented by the powerful but not numerically superior Nazis

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY BEFORE THE WAR: dual monarchy prior to the outbreak of powerful factors in world affairs. The 11th edition of the Encyclopedia

Austria-Hungary, or the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy (Ger. Oesterreichisch-ungarische Monarchie or Oesterreichisch-ungarisches Reich), is the official name of a country situated in central Europe, bounded E. by Russia and Rumania, S. by Rumania, Servia, Turkey and Montenegro, W. by the Adriatic Sea, Italy, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, and the German Empire, and N. by the German Empire and Russia. It occupies about the sixteenth part of the total area of Europe, with an area (1905) of 239,977 sq. miles. The monarchy consists of two independent states: the kingdoms and lands represented in the council of the Empire (Reichsrat), unofficially called

A BID FOR SUPREMACY: The great parade of the Heimwehr on the Heldenplatz, Vienna, in October, 1935, at a time when it was thought that the leader of this private army, Vice-Chancellor Starhemberg, would oust Dr. Schuschnigg from power and make Austria a Fascist state on the lines of Italy. His effort failed, and soon afterwards the Prince retired from politics. It was reported on Monday that he had been arrested in Vienna

IN THE DAYS OF THE DUAL MONARCHY

When Austria-Hungary Was a Power

Since the close of the great war the world has come to look on Austria as a truncated state—a mere torso with the limbs essential to her well-being removed by the treaties of peace. It was felt her days were numbered as a separate entity until the advent of Dr. Dollfuss, the gallant but diminutive Chancellor who made such a bold and desperate bid to maintain his country's independence and died in the cause, handing over the reins to the equally sincere Dr. Schuschnigg. How the situation steadily deteriorated is told in a brief survey elsewhere in these pages, but it is also of interest to recall something of the Austria of the nineteenth century, and no better account can be found than that of H. Wickham Steed, and Walter Alison Phillips. It was published early in 1914, and the following extracts should be read with that in mind:—

THE empire of Austria, as the official designation of the territories ruled by the Habsburg monarchy, dates back only to 1804, when Francis II, the last of the Holy Roman emperors, proclaimed himself emperor of Austria as Francis I. His motive in doing so was to guard against the great house of Habsburg being relegated to a position inferior to the *parvenus* Bonapartes, in the event of the final collapse of the Holy Roman Empire, or of the possible election of Napoleon as his own successor on the throne of Charlemagne. The title emperor of Austria, then, replaced that of "Imperator Romanorum semper Augustus" when the Holy Empire came to an end in 1806. From the first, however, it was no more than a title, which represented but ill the actual relation of the Habsburg sovereigns to their several states.

The outcome of the long struggle with Prussia, which in 1866 finally broke the spell, and the proclamation of the German empire in 1871 left the title of emperor of Austria stripped of everything but a purely territorial significance. It had, moreover, by the compact with Hungary in 1867, ceased even fully to represent the relation of the emperor to all his dominions.

The war of 1866 began a new era in the history of the Austrian empire. By the treaty of Prague (August 23, 1866) the emperor surrendered the position in Germany which his ancesters had held for so many centuries; Austria and Tirol, Bohemia and Salzburg, ceased to be German, and 8,000,000 Germans were cut off from all political union with their fellow-countrymen. At the same time the surrender of Venetia completed the work of 1859, and the last remnant of the old-established Habsburg domination in Italy ceased. The war was immediately followed by a reorganisatton of the government.

TO REMAIN FREE

Which Reached Its Climax Last Week

DEVOUT AUSTRIA: The imposing procession through the streets of Vienna for mass in St. Stephen's Cathedral on Catholic Day in September, 1933, attended by Cardinal Legate La Fontaine. The Austrians have always been predominantly Roman Catholic, numbering 90 per cent. of the population

ONCE A POWER IN THE LAND: Major Emil von Fey, who committed suicide early this week, was as Secretary for Security mainly responsible for finding the support with which the Chancellor crushed the Socialists in 1934

MOURNING A MARTYR: This dramatically pathetic picture was taken in July 1934 in Vienna and shows (towards the left) the father of Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss and (towards right) Frau Dollfuss and Prince Starhemberg, the acting Chancellor, at the funeral of Dr. Dollfuss who had been assassinated in the Chancellory by a band of Nazis who were hoping to seize complete power. When the revolt failed, however, the German Government disclaimed all knowledge of the putsch. Meanwhile Sir John Simon, then British Foreign Secretary, stated in the House of Commons that Britain would continue to support Austria in her fight for independence but would definitely not interfere in her internal affairs

sketch map showing the extent of the
of hostilities when it was one of the most
description of its extent, appearing in the
Britannica, was as follows:—

Austria or Cisleithania, because its territories lie west of the river Leitha: and the "lands of St. Stephen's Crown", unofficially called Hunvary or Transleithania, i.e. across the Leitha. It received its actual name by the diploma of the emberor Francis Josebh I on November 14, 1868, replacing the name of the Austrian Empire under which the dominions under his sceptre were formerly known. The Austro-Hungarian monarchy is very often called unofficially the Dual Monarchy. It had in 1910 a population of 49,454,385 inhabitants, comprising therefore within its borders no less than one-eighth of the total population of the Continent of Europe.

THEY WERE THE BIG THREE: This picture was taken in 1934 just after the assassination of Dr. Dollfuss, and shows Major Fey (Minister of the Interior), Chancellor Schuschnigg, and Vice-Chancellor Prince Starhemberg walking in procession to attend Requiem Mass. As a result of the rivalry of the other two Schuschnigg gained the mastery

AUSTRIA'S LAST DAY OF INDEPENDENCE: Excited scenes in a Vienna street on Friday of last week when preparations were on foot for the plebiscite which Dr. Schuschnigg had arranged for last Sunday. But it was not to be. Berlin delivered its ultimatums, the Chancellor resigned, and Dr. Seyss-Inquart took control requesting Hitler to send in troops to avert what he chose to describe as a "state of civil war." Then followed the bloodless invasion

THE END OF A CHAPTER

The Last Years of Austria's Fight

The following is a brief summary of the events leading up from the Austro-German agreement of 1936 to the final debacle of last week-end when Chancellor Schuschnigg resigned and Austria became a province of the German Reich.

July 1936: An agreement between Germany and Austria was signed as the result of negotiations between the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Schuschnigg, and the German Minister in Vienna, Herr von Papen, being planned to establish normal relations between the two countries. The agreement carried the signature of Chancellor Hitler and guaranteed the independence of Austria.

July 1937: Negotiations between Austria and Germany about various matters in dispute between the two countries, which commenced in Vienna on July 6, were suddenly terminated on July 10. No reason was given for the abandonment either from the Austrian or German side. It was, however, assumed that various German demands were rejected by Austria, including the following: that the Austrian Government should permit the entry of all German newspapers into Austria; that the distribution of Hitler's book, *Mein Kampf*, should be allowed in Austria; that all Austrian Nazis should be amnestied; and that the Austrian "Anti-Nazi emergency" laws should be abolished.

February 1938: The meeting of Dr. Schuschnigg and Chancellor Hitler at Berchtesgaden. After a stormy discussion lasting for over nine hours there was no doubt of the alternatives. It had to be compromise or collision. The former seemed to be chosen. As a result the Viennese Cabinet was remodelled. Herr Hitler's direct representative—Dr. Seyss-Inquart—now Chancellor—obtained a key position as Minister of the Interior with control of the police. Prominent Nazis who had taken part in the putsch against Dollfuss were amnestied.

March 1938.—Chancellor Schuschnigg, realising the position of the Fatherland Front was desperate, determined to stake all by holding a plebiscite which he decreed for last Sunday and the terms of which were such that he was certain to receive an overwhelming vote of confidence. The defiance to Herr Hitler could not have been more direct, and it was promptly countered by the Fuehrer in a series of rapid moves. On Friday, March 11, Herr Hitler issued ultimatums, the first demanding postponement of the plebiscite and the second demanding Dr. Schuschnigg's resignation. As a result the latter resigned, Dr. Seyss-Inquart becoming Chancellor, and on the Friday night German troops crossed the frontier, thus bringing to an end the independence of Austria.

FINIS AUSTRIAE:

The Close of a Sad Chapter in Middle Europe

BY C. F. MELVILLE

THE great Austrian tradition —from Charlemagne to Schuschnigg—has passed in a night. Finis Austriae! For Herr Hitler has now declared Austria to be a province of the Third German Reich. Adolf Hitler, the ex-house-painter's assistant, is now the Führer of a Greater Germany, an Empire greater in power and expanse even than that which the Holy Roman German Emperors once ruled.

How it happened has now passed into history. It can be recapitulated here in a few lines. At Berchtesgaden last month Herr Hitler wrung from Dr. Schuschnigg great concessions for the Austrian Nazis in return for Germany's continued recognition of Austria's independence. The Nazis, however, set out to wreck the agreement by throwing over such restrictions as the agreement imposed. Dr. Schuschnigg, as a last desperate throw, announced a plebiscite for last Sunday on the issue of an independent Austria.

THE NEW ALIGNMENT IN MIDDLE EUROPE: This sketch map has been specially drawn for "The Sphere" to show the immediate effects of the Nazis' Austrian coup of last week-end. In the first place German authority now extends right to the Brenner Pass, or northern gateway of Italy, while Czechoslovakia (old Bohemia) is still further enfolded by Germany. Yugoslavia, another of the post-war States created from the wreck of the dual monarchy, and Hungary also come within the danger zone, both facing Greater Germany on a narrow front. The situation of Italy, partner in the Rome-Berlin axis, is particularly delicate both geographically and psychologically, and as time progresses this may be realised to an increasing extent

Germany and the Nazis had always demanded a plebiscite. "Now they shall have it!" declared the Austrian Chancellor. He was certain, and with good reason, of a majority. Herr Hitler apparently was no less certain of the result going in Dr. Schuschnigg's favour. He therefore delivered two ultimatums, one demanding the postponement of the plebiscite, the other the resignation of Dr. Schuschnigg. Otherwise, he declared, the German army would march! Dr. Schuschnigg gave way on both points. Nevertheless the Reichswehr entered Austria one hour before the time limit of the last ultimatum had expired.

As I write these words Herr Hitler is receiving the ovations of the multitude in the ancient capital of the Holy Roman German Caesars. The Nazis are wild with joy, and those who are not Nazis are feeling that it is the safest thing to do to shout their "Heils" no less loudly. The active supporters of the Schuschnigg regime are now either in flight or under "protective arrest."

"I feel," declared Hitler when he entered Linz, surrounded by troops, mechanised units, tanks, and artillery, "that my mission is fulfilled."

So much for the past and the present. What of the future?

Germany now bestrides Europe like a Colossus, from the Baltic to the Balkans —a nation of over 70,000,000. Hungary and the Balkan States must now, whether they like or not, inevitably come within her politico-economic sphere of influence. Vast resources in raw materials and agricultural products are now at her disposal.

Herr Hitler's avowed aim is to unite with the Germans of the Reich all of *Auslandsdeutschtum* (Germans outside the Reich). There are some millions of them living in Czechoslovakia; likewise in Italian Tyrol. Germany, now on the Brenner, will refrain, for the moment, from making her *Drang nach Suden* towards the Italian Tyrol. For there is the Rome–Berlin axis to be considered, and part of the bargain is that while the Duce permits the Führer to absorb Austria, the latter will not lay claim to the South Tyrol. In the meantime there is the Sudetenland of Czechoslovakia—to be the next on the list after Austria. But eventually, many are of the opinion, Germany will descend upon the South Tyrol.

HUNGARY'S CABINET RE-SHUFFLE: A formal group posed by the members of the Ministry after taking office following reconstruction in accordance with the needs of the country's five-year plan of expenditure on arms and agriculture. Reading from left to right in the front row are—Dr. Imvedy (Minister without Portfolio), M. Kanya (Foreign Minister), M. Daranyi (Prime Minister), M. Roder (Defence Minister), M. Szell (Minister of the Interior), and M. Homan (Minister of Education). The Government faces a growing Nazi opposition

There is, of course, one great difference between the Austrian and the Czechoslovak situations. Unlike Austria, Czechoslovakia has powerful allies in France and Russia. Herr Hitler has already informed the Czech Government that he has no aggressive intentions. It would probably be unwise, to say the least of it, to take him at his word; but it is a fact that whereas it was possible to annex Austria without the guns actually going off, in the case of Czechoslovakia there would be war, and war which would embroil the Western Powers. Hence, perhaps, the danger is not immediate. But the spirit of realism demands that it be recognised that the danger is potential, there for all to see; and, indeed, such is now the attitude in both official London and Paris.

THE UTMOST PENALTY was demanded for the accused in the latest Soviet treason trial at this meeting held in the instrument shop of the Kaganovitch Ball-Bearing Factory in Moscow. The death sentences subsequently passed on eighteen of the twenty-one accused were carried out on Tuesday of this week

I SAW AUSTRIA DIE: By SHELTON SCHOLEFIELD

(The Author Was From 1932 to 1935 a Newspaper Correspondent in Vienna)

SO Austria is dead! And that last relic of the great cosmos founded by Charlemagne, the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation", is to become "Gau 5" (Region No. 5) of Hitler Germany. The swastika waves over the halls where Metternich danced and schemed. I grieved Austria's end, for I was present at her deathbed. Last week? No!—in February 1934.

I am no party man, and what I have to say is mere history. But when Engelbert Dollfuss, after destroying the Austrian Parliament, went on to crush the Austrian Socialists at Mussolini's behest, and for Democracy substituted the Fascism-and-Water of his so-called "Guild State," he had given away the whole case for Austria's independence. For these Socialists believed in Democracy, and with them he might have built a broad front against the Nazis. Without them, he was committed to a hopeless war on two fronts again Left and Right.

Dollfuss's "martyrdom" in July, 1934, saved him politically. But Austria was lost.

There are those who contend that the post-Versailles Austria was in any case an impossible entity, and that the Allies (led by France) made a ghastly mistake in 1919 by not allowing the then democratic two German States to coalesce. The thesis is arguable, but in the winter of 1933-34 it did seem in Vienna as if a definitely "Austrian" spirit was beginning to arise. Up to that time the post-war Austrian was fairly indifferent to his own state. His polyglot empire taken away, he was "a German," and it seemed quite natural to feel with his brothe the *Reichsdeutscher* across the border. But when Hitler's deputy Theodor Habicht, an ex-communist whom the Fuehrer had entrusted with the conduct o the Nazi "campaign" in Austria, launched a long series of atrocities against lif and property in an endeavour to take Austria by storm, national consciousness was aroused.

A greater man than Dollfuss might have got all Austria behind him on a broa national programme. There seemed at least a hope of it at the beginning o 1934. By March there was none. It was then that the conviction came over me tha the Nazis must win Austria.

Schuschnigg took over from th murdered Dollfuss a superhuma task—and he is no superman.

Things had been left in such a hopeless mess, that I doubt if any one could have saved them in th "old Austrian" sense, other tha someone possessed of altogether ex ceptional power and eloquence.

The sincere but academic Schuschnigg was out of his element completely.

During all his years of office, Schuschnigg's only enthusiastic adherents came from among Legitimists and from—the Church. Especially from the Church. And the modern Austrian, be he the most loyal of Roman Catholics, hates most that memory of the old Monarchy.

The chief trouble, which poor Schuschnigg never could quite understand, was that few Austrians under forty really believed in Austria. If you asked a young Nazi whether Austria would not lose its "freedom" on going in with Hitler, he could reply: "Freedom of what?—freedom to starve!"

Schuschnigg alone never succeeded in arousing an enthusiasm to compete with the immense prestige of Hitler, the Austrian.

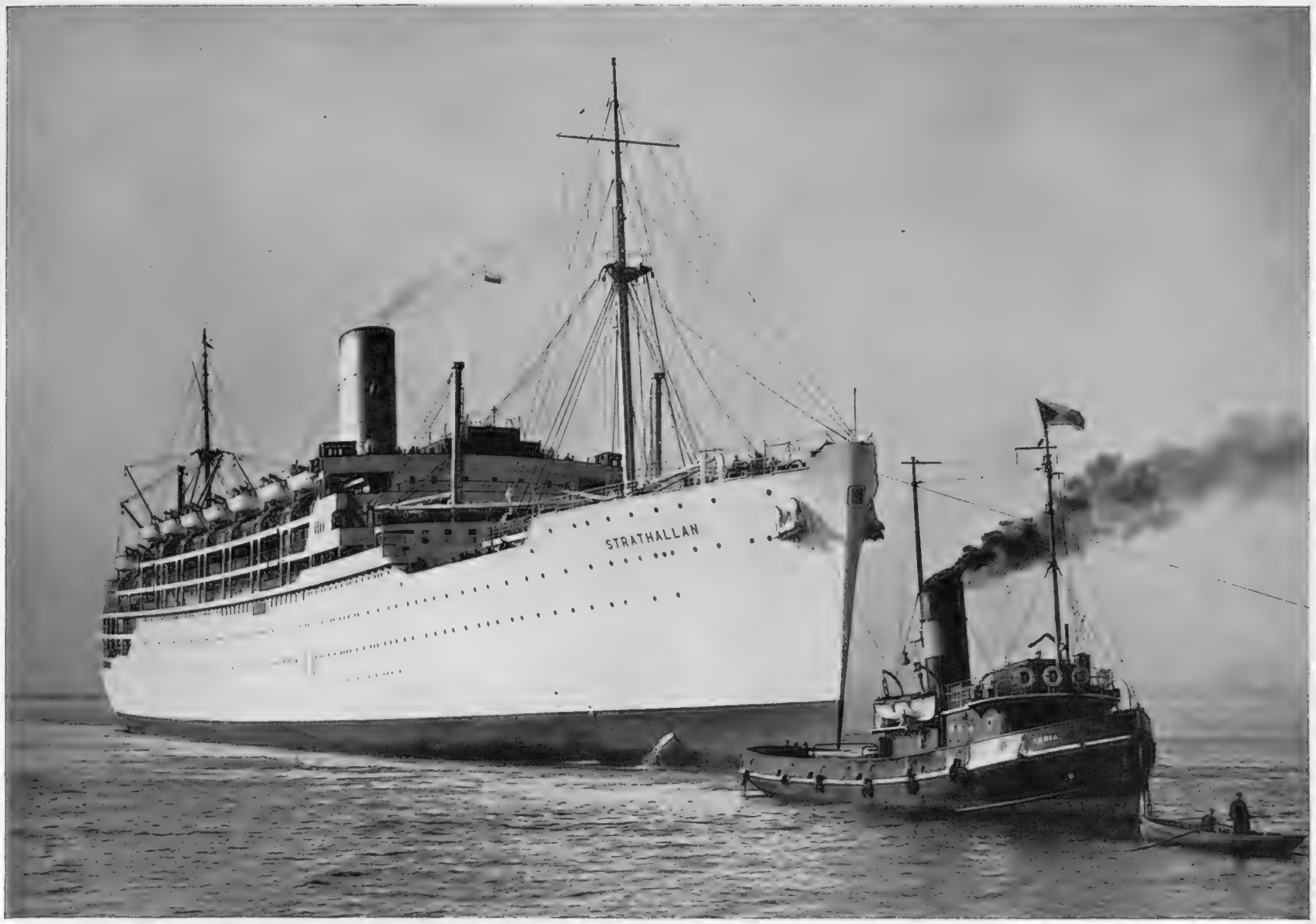
The Entente Powers never gave him more than "moral" support. They had no concerted plan to aid him. The collapse became inevitable.

And thus Austria died! Our heads may explain why logically it was inevitable, our hearts must weep her passing. Austria is dead! The national character contained much of weakness, a strain of duplicity, and of the almost untranslatable *Schlamperei* ("slapdashedness"). But with Austria disappears a secular culture and a charm which few who knew her will forget.

The "Strathallan" Arrives at Tilbury in Readiness for her Maiden Voyage to Australia

NAVAL and MERCANTILE

H.M.S. "Revenge's" Quarter-deck Awning breaks loose in a Gust of Wind while at Gibraltar



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE P. & O. FLEET: The liner *Strathallan*, sister-ship of the *Stratheden*, pictured on arrival at Tilbury after undergoing her trials following her completion at Barrow-in-Furness. She is to operate on the Indian and Australian service, and was due to leave this week on her maiden voyage. In the summer she is to make four cruises, one to the Baltic and three to the Mediterranean, including visits to the Black Sea and the Adriatic. The *Strathallan*, with her graceful lines and spacious public rooms, is sure to be a popular boat. She has accommodation for 448 1st-class and 538 tourist passengers

A TRAGEDY ON THE SPRING CRUISE: Hands grappling with the quarter-deck awning of H.M.S. *Revenge* after it had broken loose during a tremendous gust of wind in Gibraltar harbour and caused fatal injuries to a member of the crew. Later the *Revenge* left for the Atlantic where she has been taking part in the combined exercises of the Home and Mediterranean Fleets, forming the second part of the spring cruise

b

THE END OF PARTY POLITICS IN RUMANIA: Posters supporting Dr. Maniu, leader of the peasants, being carried through the streets of Bucharest, and a host of other posters, each representing a different party, pasted on the wall in the background. A picture taken just before the December elections in which Coalitionists, National Christians, Dissident Liberals, pro-Hungarians, Social Democrats, and a number of other political groups joined issue. The result was a position of stalemate and, in consequence, King Carol last month gave the country a new constitution, personally assuming dictatorial powers

KING CAROL—THE MAN

A Pen Portrait of the Rumanian Monarch, whose State Visit to England Follows Close on His Assumption of Dictatorial Powers

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

PROCLAMATIE! The dramatic and unexpected announcement of Rumania's new constitution, under which King Carol assumed dictatorial powers, being posted in a Bucharest street

FROM the standpoints of energy, political ability, and dexterity, it would be hard indeed to deny our State visitor a place near the top of the shrunken list of Europe's ten kings and one queen (in her own right). Yet it is doubtful if these characteristics constitute King Carol of Rumania's principal claim on the popular attention. Rather may this be secured by a combination of his highly colourful personality, capacity to surprise, and the almost switchback ups and downs that have marked a vitally and varyingly lived score years since one first really heard of our subject *à propos* a Black Sea romance at the end of the war.

King Carol interests because he is a dual sort of personage in which the romantic and the realist meet; because he is the kind of person who, living dangerously, does things, whether you agree with these or not; because he wears the costumes and carries the regal air consciously in a drab regal age; because he is of those upon whom stories are hung, whether the yarns be true or not, sure sign that their subject is "a character". One may smile at this monarch but the smile is growing less as he who was voted a sure playboy failure in the purple, increasingly shows himself to be a Continental leader with whom one has to reckon, the possessor of imagination, having a flair for gaining popularity with his own people, and combining in his person the will power of his Hohenzollern forebears with the high qualities of mind of his mother.

As a fact Rumania's Sovereign is to-day easily the most discussed king on the Continent, nor does the discussion any longer revolve round his private life or even much more than brush this. King Carol is living publicly now, as no king has done for some while. He has staked his highest and must abide a fierce arc light. He is a royal dictator in all but name as a result of the Constitution he last month invited his 20,000,000 subjects to subscribe to overnight, in a ballot that was neither strictly voluntary nor secret. But that is neither here nor there. The Balkans are the Balkans, and Britain, Britain, and one wishes some of our zealous reformers would lay off criticising the internal regimes of other countries except in so far as these may damage or imperil Britain. One knows this is a tricky thing to say, but, as one who keeps on the road, there may be something in it.

I am not going into the new Rumanian Constitution, except to say that it reminds me much more of Salazar's "benign dictatorship" in Portugal than the forms of one-man rule so stridently prevalent elsewhere. Indeed, one sees but one main difference between Bucharest's and Lisbon's chart, and that is the absence in the former's case of the elective system of the latter, which allows only the heads of families to go to the poll. You may say that Lisbon copied a deal from other parts, but it did not copy everything, and that includes the spirit of the dictatorship itself.

Suffice for present purposes that King Carol has now got the reins of Government autocratically in his hands through his "Cabinet," which includes six ex-Premiers," that he will have to stand the test, and that he knows it. The methods he resorted to in acquiring his present directing hold only increase his responsibility before his own people, the majority of whom like and trust him.

Originally four men or forces stood between him and personal rule from the Palace. The first to be pushed aside was Dr. Maniu, leader of the Liberal Peasant Party. Then came M. Titulescu's turn. Neither of these was positively against the King, and would have been only too glad to carry on—with certain prunings. Last December a more menacing situation came to a head, bearing on the King's determination to be himself the chief person in government. The National Christian poet, Octavian Goga, and the "All for the Fatherland" or Iron Guard leader, Codreanu, were on the point, of introducing a Fascist–Nazi regime with the monarch relegated to the position reserved for monarchs under such "ideologies."

On left—INSEPARABLES: King Carol and his only son, Crown Prince Michael, who bears the picturesque title of the Grand Voyvoda of Alba Julia

KING CAROL IN ENGLAND—TEN YEARS AGO: A picture taken in the days of his exile when his son was King and Rumania had a regency

The King first gave Goga his head, and the poet crashed, though not before grievously hurting national finances and economy, defences and relations with those who had forged the New Rumania by their victory of 1918. During the experiment, Codreanu had first of all agreed to work in with Goga, but in course of time came to violent issue with the latter. So they were separated. King Carol now could deal with one alone—Codreanu and his "legions." He did this very rapidly by constituting his "six ex-Premiers" Government, by outlawing party politics, and by ordering Codreanu to dissolve his Iron Guard and take a rest outside Rumania (C. has gone to write books in Italy). No one would say that the matter is here ended, yet there is little doubt that the King had the bulk of the nation's support when he cut short the ascendancy of men whose policies ran counter to the traditions, sentiments, and true interests of Rumania, employing these words:—

"For eight years all my efforts have been directed to ruling the country in a way which would give me the support of existing political parties whose propapropaganda has, however, led to grave disturbance in the lives of my people. Rumania must be saved, and I am determined to do this. I have formed a Government of patriotic and responsible men who, free from party fetters, will liberate administration from political influences and work solely for the common good. In these stern times only heroic measures can save Rumania. Along this path must we advance."

A POTENT INFLUENCE: Queen Marie of Rumania, mother of King Carol; one of the three women—"each high above the intellectual average"—who have figured largely in the King's life

It is legitimate to ask at this special juncture whether King Carol is not an opportunist putting himself over from personal ambition at an extremely grave turning-point in Rumania's history. By a stroke of chance, I am able to shed light here. The following statement tells you more about King Carol, in the light of recent circumstances, than reams you might read from admirer, critic, or enemy. It dates five years back, which only enhances its value, when his Majesty was thirty-nine, still fair and slim and youthful, a trio he has only just begun to mislay; it was made to Leo Ferrero, lately deceased son of the famous historian, Guglielmo Ferrero.

After observing that his successful assumption of his throne, by air, left no particular impression—"nothing is less astonishing than a great event once it is accomplished; I entered immediately into my role and began consultations with my ministers; an atavistic instinct, I suppose; it was in my blood." King Carol thus delivered himself on the job of kingship in general and of his own in particular:—

"In Rumania, the king does not fulfil the same role as in England. There, he simply has to guarantee the normal functioning of the political machine. Here, his role is more complex and heavier. He often has the duty to act personally—direct action. The Rumanian people envisage the monarch as supreme arbiter to whom each has recourse when all else fails. The king represents impartial justice, is removed from worldly interests, is viewed religiously."

"You cannot imagine the millions of petitions that are sent to me. Of course I can't read them

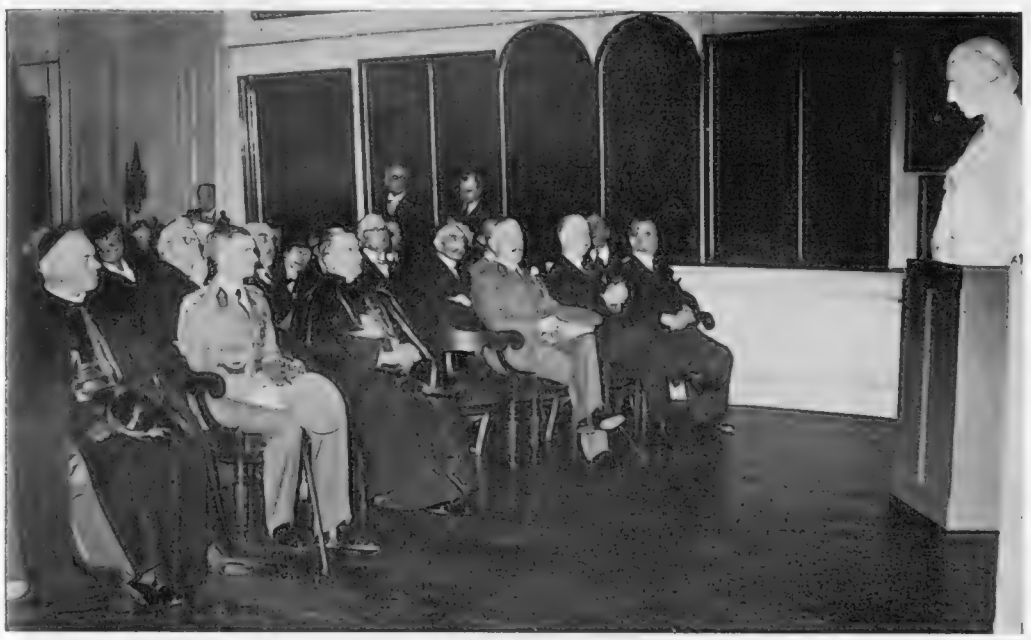
(*Continued on page 480*)

FOREIGN *Affairs*

NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR IN BERLIN: Mr. Hugh R. Wilson leaving after presenting his letters of credence to Herr Hitler. His appointment comes at a time when Germany is making very real efforts to improve relations with the U.S.

A SHORT-LIVED APPOINTMENT? Major-General Franz Bohme who was made Chief of the Austrian General Staff a few days before the Nazi coup drove Schuschnigg from power

"RELENTLESS, RUTHLESS, A TERROR TO OUR ENEMIES" were the words used by General Field-Marshal Göring, Germany's Air Minister, in describing the Reich Air Force at a review held in Berlin on Air Force Day when, as pictured here, he carried for the first time in public the Field-Marshal's baton just given him by Hitler



PRELATE AND PATRIOT HONOURED: Cardinal van Roey (left), Archbishop of Malines, General Hennin de Boussu Walcourt (representing King Leopold), and Mgr. Micara, the Papal Nuncio, at the unveiling at Brussels Museum of Pierre de Soete's bust of Cardinal Mercier, the heroic churchman who after the German occupation of Belgium in 1914 was imprisoned for urging continued allegiance to King Albert

ICE-BOUND IN THE BALTIC: Fishermen of Pilkoppen, situated on that narrow tongue of land in Eastern Germany known as the Kurische Nehrung, attempting to free a boat from the ice. Many of their craft have been completely destroyed

LITHUANIA'S PRESIDENT: Dr. Antanas Smetona posed for this picture with his wife and family in the Presidential Palace at Kaunas during the celebrations held to mark the 20th anniversary of Lithuania's achievement of independence. He has now held office continuously since December 1926, having been re-elected for a further term in 1931

BRINGING THEM UP STALIN'S WAY: In order that children of Soviet citizens living temporarily in the United States may have exactly the same education as the children of Soviet citizens living in Russia, the Moscow Government finances this school on St. Mark's Avenue, Brooklyn

TEL - AVIV'S PICCADILLY CIRCUS: A composite picture of the Dizengoff Circle, the focal point of life in Palestine's all-Jewish city, which in thirty years has grown from a village among the sand dunes on the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean to a modern metropolis of over 150,000 inhabitants, boasting all the refinements of the West and becoming increasingly important as a centre of business activity. The opening of its new port to goods and passengers, which took place last month, marked yet another big step forward

FROM SHORE TO SHIP: A lighter buffeted by the waves as it was taken by a tug from the new Tel-Aviv fruit loading quay to one of the cargo vessels waiting at anchor some way off shore. It is hoped to handle in this fashion some 2,000,000 boxes of citrus exports from Tel-Aviv this season; one-fifth of Palestine's output

THE LIGHTER BASIN, enclosing an area of four acres, where the lighters are loaded with fruit cases which they take out to the cargo vessels waiting half a mile or so off shore. Five small cranes and one five-ton movable crane carry out the loading, having a capacity of 1,200 tons daily. A second basin is now being planned

THE successful completion and official opening of the new port at Tel-Aviv, the all-Jewish city lying directly to the north of Jaffa, in Palestine, is an undertaking that has naturally stirred the imagination of world Jewry. Not since the days of Solomon have the Jews been able to boast of a port of their own. This all-Jewish gateway into Palestine will not only prove popular to the Jew, but bids fair to become one of the principal means of access to the Holy Land. Jerusalem is only forty miles away from Tel-Aviv and can be reached by rail, bus, or motor car.

Ever since Tel-Aviv began to boom and develop into an important industrial centre, the Jews have longed for permission to convert it into a port. The Government's reply was that the port of Jaffa was fully capable of handling everything Tel-Aviv required. Then, in 1936, came the Arab strike at Jaffa and for six months the port there was closed. Tel-Aviv found itself stranded and business suffered accordingly. The Government had really no option but to permit the landing of goods on the Tel-Aviv beach, followed by permission to erect a jetty and finally a harbour, sheds, and the usual facilities of a modern port.

The new port lies to the north of the town close to the Yarkon River. It is designed for lighters and small craft, the area of protected water being about four acres. There is room for eighty lighters, which are being made at the rate of one a week, and for ten modern tugs and launches. As in the case of Jaffa, ships will lie a mile or so off shore in the roadstead, passengers and goods being conveyed to and from the ships by lighters. There is a quay 650 ft. long equipped with five small cranes and one 5-ton movable crane

The Growth of Tel-Aviv

1908: Settlement founded.

1921: Population 3,066.

1926: Population 38,000.

1931: Population 46,000. 294 factories. Municipal income £100,000.

1936: Population 140,000, 400factories. Municipal income £400,000.

1938: Population 150,000.

BUILT IN A LOCAL YARD, ship to shore and shore to become an important

TEL-AVIV: THE NEW JEWISH GATEWAY TO PALESTINE

The Opening of the Port to Goods and Passengers Marks Another Step Forward in the Astonishing Development of this All-Jewish City Which in Thirty Years Has Grown Up from a Mere Village Among the Sand Dunes

"THIS IS THE NEW GATEWAY TO ZION" said His Eminence Dr. Herzog, Chief Rabbi of Palestine, on February 23, when, as pictured above, he addressed a large gathering at the official opening of the port of Tel-Aviv. Loud speakers carried his message to the crowds

new port, and on that day the first landing of passengers at Tel-Aviv was to have been witnessed. Unfortunately there was a heavy gale and the rough seas rendered it impossible to carry out this part of the programme. Despite the bad weather, however, large crowds attended the opening and the town was decorated in bunting. At mid-day Sir Arthur Wauchope,

(*Continued on next page*)

THE READING POWER HOUSE at the mouth of the Yarkon River, opposite the port of Tel-Aviv, is being built by the Palestine Electric Corporation to supply the southern part of the country. It is named after the late Lord Reading who was at one time Chairman of the Corporation

capable of handling 1,200 tons of cargo daily. It is hoped to handle some 2,000,000 boxes of citrus from Tel-Aviv this season. Alongside the quay are the necessary sheds for receiving and the storage of cargo.

February 23 was the day set apart for the official opening of the

(*Continued above on right*)

RD

...s tender will take passengers from ...ship at Tel-Aviv which is bidding fair ...assenger as well as cargo port

A MODERN BANK BUILDING on Allenby Street, Tel-Aviv, built in a style in keeping with the architectural simplicity that has been aimed at in the layout of the whole city. Tel-Aviv's growth has been remarkable since 1921, as witness the population figures given in the table on the left. Much of the money to finance its development has come from America

FOR THEIR JUICE CONTENT, FLAVOUR, FRAGRANCE, AND SHAPE Jaffa oranges have won wide favour in the world market

THE NEW PORT OF TEL-AVIV

And Its Importance in Connection with Palestine's Citrus Exports

(Continued from previous page)

the High Commissioner for Palestine, declared the port opened by unlocking the main entrance to the transit shed with a golden key, presented to him as a memento of one of his last public functions in Palestine.

Tel-Aviv has now a population of 150,000 and is the largest city in Palestine. Close by the port is the new Dizengoff Circle, a fitting memorial to its late popular mayor. The city is now negotiating for a loan of £1,000,000 to enable it to carry out certain improvements.

During the coming season Palestine is expected to export 10,000,000 cases of citrus fruit, some 2,000,000 cases representing grapefruit and the remainder oranges. As a result Palestine is now second only to Spain as an exporter of oranges, but heading the list as an exporter of grapefruit. Yet half a century ago her export of oranges was almost nil. About 2,000,000 boxes will probably go through the port of Tel-Aviv, which is already beginning to rival its neighbour Jaffa, and may one day actually oust it.

MEMBERS OF TEL-AVIV'S HARBOUR GUARD: Inspector Feldman, a Russian by birth, and one of his assistants, Mr. Shorski, who is of Austrian extraction

Some eighty years ago the British Consular Agent at Jaffa sent a few boxes of Jaffa oranges to Queen Victoria. They were the first boxes of oranges to be shipped out of the country. It was a little time, however, before the Jaffa came upon the ordinary market. But by 1913 the export of oranges from Palestine totalled about half-a-million cases. They were grown in the groves around Jaffa, hence the name. It was virtually, too, an Arab industry. They were responsible for the cultivation, picking, packing, and transport to the ships. After the war the number of cases exported fell considerably, and the half-million mark was not reached till 1929. Since then it has gone ahead by leaps and bounds, now totalling over ten million cases of oranges and grapefruit. No other fruit-producing country can point to such a phenomenal growth.

TESTING FOR QUALITY: Examining boxes of Jaffa grape-fruit in one of the Tel-Aviv transit sheds. One box in every truck load is opened, and if this comes up to standard the whole load is passed for shipment

At present there are some 70,000 acres under citrus fruit in Palestine, but the area is being rapidly extended. About 65 per cent. of the industry is in Jewish hands, the remaining 35 per cent. being controlled by the Arabs.

As already stated, the export of oranges and grape-fruit from Palestine now totals 10,000,000 cases per season. But the quantity is rapidly increasing. Mr. S. Tolkowsky, Chairman of the Jaffa Citrine Exchange, declares that if the present rate of planting continues, and there is no sign of its abating, the total available crop for export in ten years' time will be somewhere in the neighbourhood of 20,000,000 cases. Palestine then will have the largest orange export trade in the world. Many are wondering how Palestine will find a market for such a colossal crop at profitable prices. There is no doubt that in most European countries the consumption of the fruit is increasing. During the period 1926–31 the average consumption of oranges per head of population increased from 19 lb. to 24 lb. in Great Britain; from 8 lb. to 14 lb. in Norway; from 5½ lb. to 9½ lb. in Germany; and from 3 lb. to 10 lb. in Sweden.

H. J. S.

On right—HIGH SPEED PACKING AND SORTING in the export shed on a large Palestinian fruit farm

ROADSIDE PICNIC: Men of a Scottish regiment, employed in guarding one of the main highways into Jerusalem, enjoy an alfresco lunch. According to the Colonial Minister's statement in the House last week there are still two brigades of troops in Palestine, as compared with the normal garrison of two battalions

OBJECT OF SUSPICION: Scottish troops about to enter and inspect a building on the outskirts of Jerusalem. They were on the look-out for hidden arms

LOOKING FOR ARMS AT JERUSALEM'S JAFFA GATE: *Above*—A British private searching a man and (*above on right*) a woman being closely searched by a member of her own sex

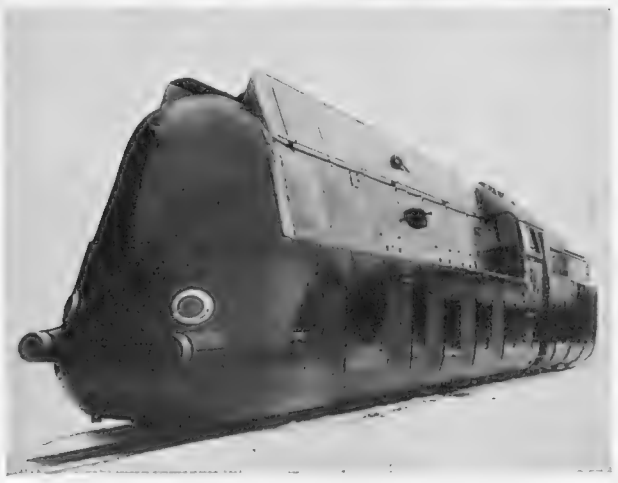
MAINTAINING LAW and ORDER in PALESTINE

On right—ONE AT A TIME: An unusual view of the Damascus Gate, one of the principal entrances to the old quarter of Jerusalem, with one of the doors closed and the other half open in order to control the inflow of people. Every person has to be searched for arms before passing on

ON AND OFF THE IRON ROAD

Two Level - Crossing Accidents in America and other Railway News

Below—THE EVER PRESENT MENACE OF LEVEL CROSSINGS on America's railroad systems was once again demonstrated when this train bound from St. Louis to Chicago collided with a lorry near Worth, Illinois, one person being killed



Above—DERAILED BUT UPRIGHT: This American streamlined train, known as the *Texas Rocket*, hit a heavy truckload of logs at a level crossing near Houston and then ploughed up the track for a distance of 650 ft. until it at length came to a standstill with its carriages twisting snake-like behind it. No one was killed. This is the first picture of an accident to a streamline train that has so far come to our notice

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S FIRST STREAMLINER: This locomotive, built according to the latest aerodynamical theories, was recently put in service on the State railways and has aroused much interest. From the aesthetic viewpoint it doubtless has its detractors, the bulging sheathing reaching almost to the wheel bases and the high superstructure being of decidedly unusual appearance. Everything is enclosed, it will be noted, except the buffers

"CITY OF LOS ANGELES": This is the world's largest Diesel-electric locomotive and has been built for regular service between Los Angeles and Chicago on the Union Pacific system, being designed to make the trip in just under forty hours. The six 900-h.p. engines are housed two apiece in the three connecting cars

GRIST TO THE MILL: Using oxy-acetylene to break up old engine wheels in the Swindon yards where an immense amount of scrap metal is dealt with each year as rolling stock is rendered obsolete. At the moment it fetches high prices as Britain needs all the steel she can get for the re-armanent programme

ELIMINATING THOSE CLICKETY-CLICKS: A man engaged in smoothing off in the wake of a mobile welding plant now employed on the London Passenger Transport system to join rails together, and thus provide smoother travel. Each welding process takes about three minutes, a portable machine being used for the work

THE DOORWAY TO KNOWLEDGE: Young Parisians entering their own public library which is open to them each day after school hours and is extremely popular, offering as it does, the opportunity to see books which, on account of their parents' very limited means, would otherwise not be available to them

COLLECTIVE CONCENTRATION: *Above* and *below*—Children in the reading room of La Bibliothèque Enfantine, Paris, where every class of book for the young is available. The library is run on thoroughly well disciplined lines and the boys and girls are enjoined above all to have clean hands and to keep silence

LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE ENFANTINE

A Paris Library for the Children

A BOUQUET FOR QUEEN MARY, presented by Master Billy Grant to Her Majesty when she attended the fortieth anniversary display by children from the London play centres. It was held at the Draper's Hall, about 200 youngsters taking part

Where London's Children Play

Efforts to Protect Them from Traffic Dangers of the Streets

THE presence of Queen Mary last week at the fortieth anniversary display by children from the London play centres and the almost simultaneous announcement that the playgrounds of the L.C.C. schools were to be thrown open as playing grounds at special times of the day, as set forth on the opposite page, has drawn attention to the question of the desirability of an increased number of playing grounds for the young on the score that they give much needed protection from the traffic dangers of the streets.

Fortunately the number of casualties among the young is decreasing according to the latest traffic casualty statistics, but the number of fatal accidents is still deplorably high and any kind of retreat where organised games can be played is naturally to be welcomed with enthusiasm.

An exploration of London east of London Bridge reveals an astonishing number of little playing grounds and open spaces of greenery. These are to be found in neighbourhoods where there is no big park in immediate proximity. Take the district just to the south of the Tower Bridge. This might be held at a superficial glance to be a desert of towering wharf offices and great commercial blocks, but a closer examination shows that, in this one district alone, there are playing grounds for the children of the district which are very well managed. They all require the constant presence of council attendants, both male and female, or the accidents from swings and roundabouts would be numerous. Flowers along the sides of these open air spaces help to brighten them in summer, and the bubbling spirits of the children are astonishing and well reward the wanderer.

Queen Mary's attendance at the Draper's Hall display last week is certain to give a fillip to the efforts of the Children's Play Centres Fund which now controls forty-seven centres, at which the average weekly attendance exceeds 60,000, but appeals for further extensions of the movement are insistent, especially from the new housing estates, and Mrs. G. M. Trevelyan, the daughter of the founder of the centres, Mrs. Humphry Ward, is seeking this year to raise an "expansion fund" which it is hoped will amount to £5,000.

The programme seen by Queen Mary was provided by about 200 boys and girls, ranging from school "toddlers" to children of 14 years, and it gave a pleasant impression of the spirit and happy exuberance of the centres. Children from a Poplar centre contributed their own unconventional, amusing, and clearly articulated production of "Punch and Judy." Senior girls from the Wolverley Street Centre, Bethnal Green, gave a "Keep Fit" display which included a romping round of "leap-frog." Barefooted small boys from the Highway Centre, Ratcliffe, wearing shirts and short trousers, played an organised ball game in which agility was encouraged by shrill shouting.

LUNCH FOR FOURPENCE: This is the modest price children pay for a mid-day meal which, weather permitting, is served in the open at Coram's Fields, Bloomsbury

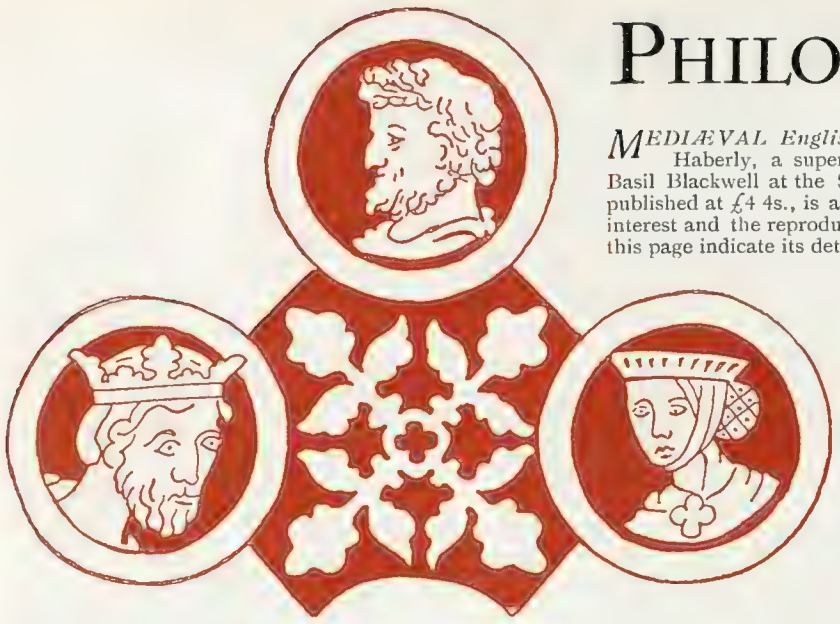
Special SPHERE *pictures by William Davis*

FOUR-AND-TWENTY CHILDREN PACKED IN A BOWL: A happy scene in the sand pit at the playground for youngsters at Tanner Street, Tower Bridge Road, Bermondsey. A picture that is of particular interest at this moment in view of the announcement by the London County Council that in its endeavour to encourage children to keep away from the ever present traffic dangers of the streets, it is making arrangements to open about eighty games centres during the summer evenings in the playgrounds of about fifty schools in the congested areas of London. Previously the centres were closed during the period of the school summer holidays

A river of fun. School-children enjoying themselves on the slide in the actively used play park at Tanner Street, Bermondsey. During the coming summer about eighty such games centres in the London area will remain open during the holidays. The success of the scheme is further ensured by the fact that games "leaders" are being recruited to supervise the games

PLAY PARKS FOR LONDON'S CHILDREN

PHILOTEGULY: THE ART and CRAFT of ENGLAND'S MEDIÆVAL TILE DESIGNERS



THE CHERTSEY ROMANCE TILES: Four examples of the beautiful designs produced in the kiln at Chertsey Abbey in the middle of the thirteenth century. The illustrations, together with the others on this page, are taken from Loyd Haberly's pioneer work, *Mediæval English Paving Tiles*, published at the Shakespeare Head Press, Saint Aldates, in a superbly bound and printed edition

MEDIÆVAL English Paving Tiles, by Loyd Haberly, a superbly printed work issued for Basil Blackwell at the Shakespeare Head Press and published at £4 4s., is a pioneer work of the greatest interest and the reproductions from it appearing on this page indicate its detailed nature.

"Mr. Haberly is a member," writes Christopher Hussey, "of the select brotherhood of Philotegulists, which includes the Duke of Rutland, Lord Ponsonby of Shulebrede, Dr. Tancred Borenius and Mr. John Charlton, the excavators of Clarendon Palace, and an increasing number of less eminent antiquaries. It is pleasant to consider that among philotegulists of the past may have been King Henry III, in whose reign the earliest recorded and, perhaps the most beautiful, paving tiles were made in England, and in whose palace at Clarendon, a tile kiln was discovered last summer—too late, it seems, in the production of this book, for Mr. Haberly to make more than a brief reference to it.

"The production of the book by the Shakespeare Head Press, no less than its preparation that must have extended over years, has evidently been a labour of love. It is illustrated by some 300 examples of tiles printed, like woodcuts, in red from tracings made by the author, the majority from sources within a fifteen-mile radius of Oxford. He has made an exhaustive examination of this area, for which the book is, in fact, a complete catalogue of mediæval paving tiles.

"But the seventy pages of text contain illustrations by the same process of many of the outstanding and representative tiles found outside the Oxford area, taken either from the originals or from drawings of such as have disappeared since their discovery. Thus, although the book proves not to be the comprehensive treatise that the title might lead to suppose—none of the superb series of tiles in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey is illustrated, for example — it does, nevertheless, provide a delightful introduction to 'philotegulv' and the most sustained survey of the subject that has been attempted."

THE LION HUNTER: A tile with a dramatic motif from the famous Chertsey Abbey series which was brought to light in such dramatic circumstances and co-ordinated in the last century by Dr. Shurlock who published an account of his finds

AN APOCRYPHAL STORY OF CHRIST'S CHILDHOOD is the motif of these tiles from Tring Church, Buckinghamshire. They are derived from a MS. source and are about 6 ins. by 12 ins. in size. They were drawn by incising or scratching away a white surfacing of slip to make red lines and backgrounds

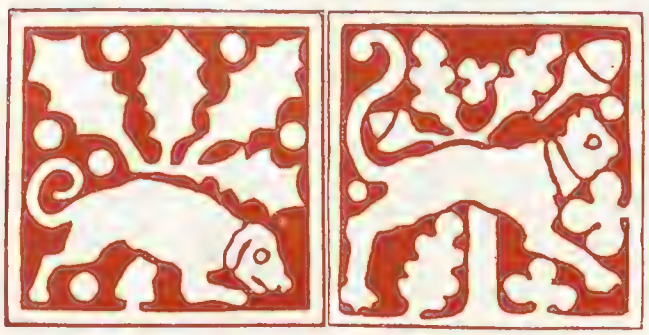
WIT AND WHIMSY IN CLAY: The acrobatic bo and his announcer come from York; the spotte elf tile is from St. Mary's Hall, Coventry; the pe sonage showing disrespect to fortune's wheel onc adorned Elstow Priory, near Bedford; and the "ur sporting" centaur is from St. Ann's, Westminste

Regarding the famous Chertsey series of tiles Mr. Haberly writes:—"Generations of gardeners picked up tilesherds too, from the finest mediæval pavement yet known. In 1853 the owner of the premises found the workmen whom he employed to dig out stone from the Abbey foundations wasting their time in examining 'a large number of enriched tiles' which they had uncovered. 'He had the tiles removed to a shed,' says Shaw, 'from which a considerable portion, and those the most perfect, were stolen, and have not since been heard of, the remainder, about a cartload, were left in a heap, and attracted the attention of Mr. Shurlock, a medical gentleman lately come to reside at Chertsey, who, although he had never before devoted his attention to archæological pursuits, had the natural good taste to see the beauty of the designs impressed upon these fragments, as well as their great interest in an antiquarian point of view. He had them picked out from the dirt, and set about collating them; and with great labour, succeeded in bringing together (in a more or less perfect state) and tracing about 150 designs.

PART OF A FINE MULTIPLE DESIGN, with a bear and shield motif in Tewkesbury Abbey Church, requiring sixteen tiles to complete the pattern. Such groupings are not very numerous Mr. Loyd Haberly indicates in his survey of tilemaking

A TO Q: The Chertsey letter tiles are fine examples of their kind. A complete alphabet is in existence

"Aided by a small subscription Dr. Shurlock excavated the south transept, where he found a floor of concrete strewn with 'tiles lying in a state of confusion; some with the faces downwards; nearly all broken . . . .' Other Chertsey tiles have since been found in the neighbourhood and around the ruined kiln in the Abbey grounds. Later finds add little to the pictorial record in Shurlock's *Tiles from Chertsey Abbey, Surrey*, published in 1885."

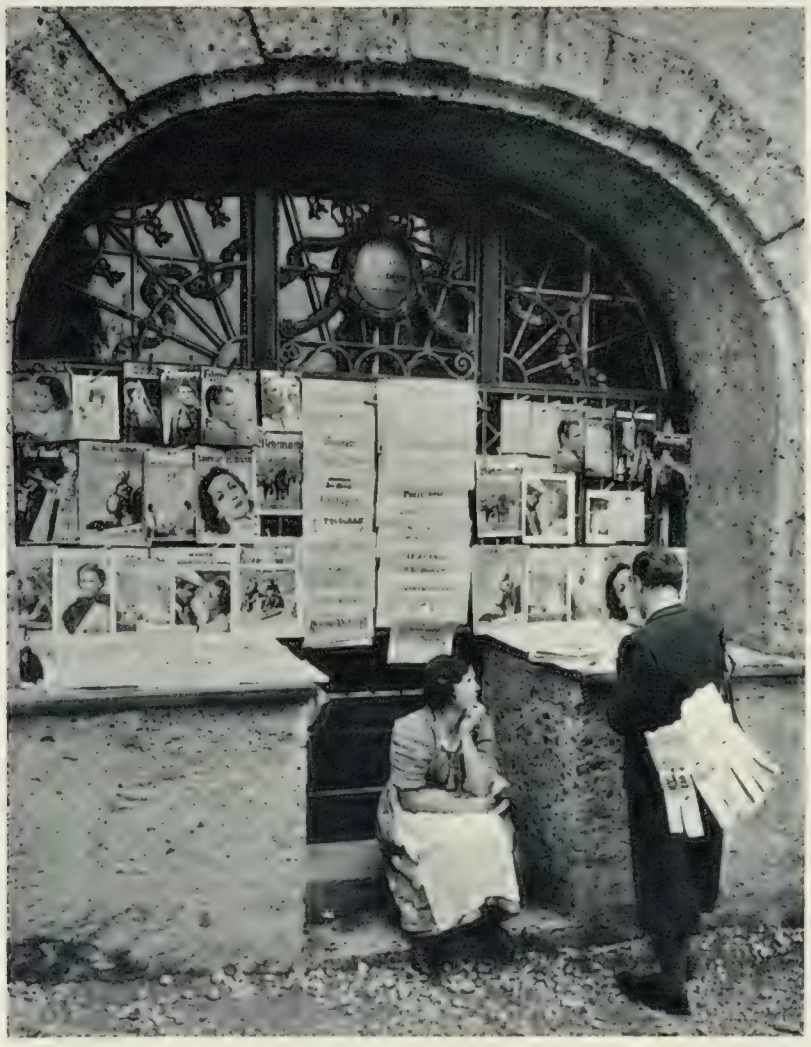


NOTLEY ABBEY TILES showing two heraldic animals with what appear to be holly leaves, oak leaves, and acorns incorporated in the designs. They belong to a series 4¾ ins. square

FROM THAME PARK: Tiles showing a crowned figure with hands raised as if in deprecation. Many wonderful designs from Thame are illustrated in Mr. Loyd Haberly's book, the reproductions all being in red

The AUSTRIA *of* YESTERDAY

Sights and Scenes in the No Longer Independent Land



This newspaper and magazine stall set in an embrasure of a Salzburg building brings a reminder of what the advent of a Nazi regime means to the Press

PRESS AND POLICE

A policeman of the Schuschnigg regime on point duty in the Karntnerstrasse, Vienna's Bond Street. In the background is the spire of the famed St. Stephen's church

Salzburg at festival time is the mecca of music-lovers from throughout Europe, and these two visitors are among the many who delight to don the national costume

TYROLEAN FOLK

A procession of Tyrolean peasants in national costume. They are the same sturdy fellows as their forefathers whom Andreas Hofer led against Napoleonic oppression

PARIS FLOCKS to SEE the BRITI

A Fine and Representative Display at the Louvre : From

THE IMPRESSIONIST TOUCH: P. Wilson Steer's portrait of "Mrs. Hammersley," painted in the year 1907, is one of the outstanding modern works in the Exhibition of British Art which was opened recently by President Lebrun in five of the galleries at the Louvre and is attracting immense attention among French art lovers

"KITTY FISHER": A much admired picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds who, from the French viewpoint, just as from the English, is undoubtedly regarded as one of the most influential and dignified figures in the whole history of British art

"LADY OTTOLINE MORELL": An Augustus John portrait in the British Art Exhibition at the Louvre. It is in the long centre gallery side by side with works by Sickert, Steer, and others

The First Wife of D'Annunzio

As an Artist Depicted Her

JOHN Shirley-Fox, who painted the portrait of the first wife of Gabriele d'Annunzio, a reproduction of which appears on the right, sends us the following interesting details of her life which he gleaned during the sittings for the picture in Paris in 1904.

"The portrait," he says, "may recall to those who knew Maria d'Annunzio in Paris in the early years of the century a romantic story which is now practically forgotten, a story not only of her marriage to d'Annunzio when still in her 'teens, but also of her own birth and early life. Her father ended his days as the haughty Duca de Galleze, but he began life as a watchmaker in Caen. When in the prime of life he found himself sent to Italy with the French army of occupation, and was eventually placed with other French soldiers on guard outside a palace.

"In the palace there lived an elderly lady of noble birth who so admired the handsome French non-commissioned officer that she eventually made arrangements to marry him and also acquired for him the title of Duke. Having accomplished these desires she soon after departed this life, leaving the good-looking Duca a wealthy man and free to marry anyone he wished. He eventually secured as his wife an Italian lady of noble birth who later presented him with a son and daughter.

"The son in due course became a student at the University and while there used often to bring to his home his fellow student d'Annunzio. The impressionable poet was not long in losing his heart to the lovely sister Maria and in an incredibly short space of time persuaded her to run away and marry him. This so incensed the Duke that he never forgave the poet, although after the latter deserted his wife a few years later she was forgiven and received once more by her father. The husband never was."

THE FIRST WIFE OF THE LATE GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO: John Shirley-Fox, the well-known portraitist, painted this study of Maria, daughter of the Duca Galleze, who married the wayward and tempestuous Italian genius when she was still in her 'teens, and divorced him after only a few years. In the accompanying notes Mr. Shirley-Fox has an interesting story to tell of her career and of her parentage

SH ART EXHIBITION

William Hogarth to Augustus John

IN THE VEIN OF VAN GOGH: "Mrs. Mounter," by Harold Gilman (1876-1919), is a work that should appeal to the French art lover who has always had a soft spot for the decorative colourist. Gilman led the Camden Town group

"THE FAMILY RE-UNION": Zoffany, who painted this picture, was not British born, but his work has a place in the British Art Exhibition because he was essentially English in outlook, his conversation pieces breathing the very spirit of the eighteenth-century England in which he for the most part lived and worked. His pictures have of late years risen steeply in value, their great technical excellence receiving deserved recognition. Zoffany's study of "The Dutton Family," reproduced in *The Sphere* of March 12, is also included in the present display in Paris

A GEORGIAN GALLANT ON A BOW-LEGGED HORSE: This rare salt-glaze stone figure, dated 1725, has just been bequeathed to the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is a beautiful piece of work and, incidentally, a fine record of the rather stiff and starched fashions of a pedantic period

Gems of Salt-Glaze Ware Acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum

Interesting Records of a Transitional Stage in the Development of Ceramic Art: Artists who were Endowed with a Strong Sense of Humour and a Feeling for Essentials

AMONGST the recent acquisitions at the Victoria and Albert Museum is a very lovely and rare collection of ceramic art, bequeathed to the Museum under the will of the late Wallace Elliot.

Two particularly exceptional pieces of salt-glaze stone-ware stand out in amusing contrast to the more familiar types of eighteenth-century pottery and porcelain.

They are, indeed, records of a transitional stage of applied clay and salt glaze which eventually developed into porcelain. The rich creamy glaze, with details picked out in dark chocolate brown, is particularly pleasant and though they are obviously products of a branch of peasant art there is nothing clumsy or even childish in their execution.

The artist or artists must have been endowed with a strong sense of humour and a nice feeling for essentials; the figures are moulded with a masterful simplicity which burlesques the modes of the particular period with a charming quality of restraint. The bell-like little lady is a unique and famous piece—the hooped skirt, quaint bonnet, and face unadorned with visible hair bring vividly to mind the fashion of George I's time. Even the bird held in the hands records the passion for pets which was so typical of this period.

No detail of the country gentleman's toilet of 1725 has been neglected in the solidly inane-looking gallant on the bow-legged horse—yet the whole effect is one of incredible simplicity and competent mimicry.

Its very stiffness smacks of an amazing ability to record the fashionable mannerisms of a rather pedantic period, and the sly sideways glance and full heavy jaw are a really creditable caricature of a hundred portraits of the early eighteenth century.

The ruffled shirt, black cravat, collarless full cuffed coat, waisted and with the flared split skirts spread out over the horse's back, the curled periwig and firmly placed tricon hat — even the ribbed stockings and buckled shoes reflect the fashions down to the smallest detail—yet still retain their quality of simplicity.

MOULDED WITH A MASTERFUL SIMPLICITY: Another interesting salt-glaze figure included in the rare ceramic collection lately acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is really a burlesque of Georgian modes, executed with a charming quality of restraint and the artist must undoubtedly have had a strong sense of humour

HOW THE GERMAN TROOPS

A Pictorial Record of the First Phase of the Historic Week

WELCOMING THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION: Austrian girls waving swastika flags from a vantage point in one of the main squares at Salzburg when they turned out on Saturday to greet the first detachments of invading German troops

HITLER'S MEN AT THE RUBICON: While the crowd cheered and waved Nazi flags and a military band played national airs German troops entered the Austrian frontier town of Kufstein, passing on into the very heart of the country which,

EN ROUTE FOR LINZ

Three Aspects of the Invasion

These three pictures give a graphic impression of the manner in which the Germ forces crossed into Austria en route for Linz, one of the first of the large cities be occupied. *Above* we see a column pushing forward in full marching ord *In the centre* exuberant Nazi supporters are shown waving swastika flags wh

CROSSED INTO AUSTRIA

...nd — Sixty Thousand Men March Over the Frontier

...ing the Führer's dramatic ultimatum on the evening of March 11, had lost its ...dent as an independent middle-European State and become a new province of the ...an Reich. Salzburg, Kufstein, and Mittenwald were the three points of invasion

GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN SALUTE TOGETHER: Colonel Switzenich (left), Commander of the 61st Infantry Regiment of the German Army, and Ober-Lieutenant Philip, commander of the local garrison, saluting the troops which marched through the frontier town of Kufstein

drummers beat a tattoo of welcome, and *on the right* a girl pins a flower to the tunic of one of the soldiers. Referring to the invasion in a leading article on Monday, *The Times* stated: "No doubt the exuberant crowds were composed for the most part of the youths who would have been excluded under the Austrian Constitution from Herr von Schuschnigg's plebiscite, and who are at this moment the only visible representatives of the nation. But the higher the value that is placed on these demonstrations, the more extraordinary it must seem that it was thought necessary to surround so spontaneous a welcome with all the paraphernalia of war"

On Stage and Screen

Consistently Good Acting In "Death on the Table" at the Strand: "Plan For a Hostess", An Entertaining But Impossible Play

BY PHILIP PAGE

SHE WANTED LIFE WITH A CAPITAL L: Gladys Cooper as Fran, the selfish, pleasure-seeking wife, and Philip Merivale as Sam, the dull but worthy retired motor manufacturer husband, whose acting in the stage version of *Dodsworth* is a fine interpretation of Sinclair Lewis's book and quite equal to the performances of Ruth Chatterton and Walter Huston in the film version which was seen in London some time ago. The play is running at the large Palace Theatre, and has been produced on a most elaborate scale with fourteen scenes

A POPULAR recitation in certain circles a few years ago took the form of a description of the plot of *Hamlet* supposed to have been written by an American "tabloid" reporter. One line, I recall, ran "There's a jolly old scene in a graveyard."

Of this I was reminded when watching *Death on the Table*, at the Strand Theatre. But whereas *Hamlet* is not intended to be funny, this play is out for laughs all the time, its label being "comedy-thriller," with, to judge by the continual cachinnation at the first performance, the comedy uppermost. There's a jolly old scene in an operating theatre, patient stretched out beneath glittering lancets and things, surgeons and nurses with faces swathed in white and wearing rubber gloves. There's another jolly old scene in a clinical laboratory during which two men are jabbed in the arm and a test is taken of the blood which spurts up. (I grant that one does not see the blood, but for the squeamish the actions sufficed.) There's a jolly old discussion about blood-transfusion. And there's a jolly old murder. And, finally, a jolly old suicide, which was the very last thing to happen and, if the outburst of merriment it caused is any indication, about the jolliest.

From which it seemed that the Strand Theatre audience on this occasion must have been an agglomeration of Mark Tapleys, to whom all credit must be given for their ability to be jolly in such circumstances. I have before commented on the present tendency in London—for *Death on the Table* is not the only play of its type—though possibly the crudest—to treat death and murder farcically. There's no law agin' it, and if the process doesn't amuse me, it does amuse a sufficient number of people to allow such plays a profitable run, which is far more important. In this case the thrills and the comedy seemed to me for the most part to cancel each other. The awe-inspiring effect of a patient being stabbed on the operating table in the middle of an operation was spoiled by the snappy fun which preceded and succeeded it; the quips and cracks and wreathed smiles indulged in by a bed-ridden American gangster and his associates were damped by the knowledge that the gangster was about to be operated on, or, in his own eloquent language, "carved." I did not think the operation was going to be fatal, since the patient was played, and played very well, by Mr. Hartley Power, who is the "star" of the piece, and it rarely happens that a "star" lasts for only two acts out of three. But over my sensitive and impressionable soul that imminent "carving" hung heavily and I was in poor mood for the precursory wise-cracking.

This, in point of fact, was of fairly high quality until in a long dialogue between Mr. Power and Mr. Cameron Hall (excellent as, believe it or not, a comic nursing-home attendant) the double-meanings and general embarrassment which can be derived from the differences between the English and American languages were twisted and turned long after they were dry of every drip of humour.

Good, too, is the central idea of Chicago gangsters finding themselves among London doctors and nurses and imagining that money talks loud, even in Harley Street (as, in fact, it does). But it was over-exploited and soon grew septic, for all the swabs and rubber gloves.

The acting was consistently good. Miss Kay Walsh, who has come from the films to play the only female part of any consequence, I hope to see in a better play than this one. She seems to have every requisite asset—a delightful speaking voice, repose and poise, a sense of comedy, and an ability to let herself go when necessary without overdoing it. She had to spend the whole of the play in nurse's uniform and a part of it (the jolly old operation scene) with half her pretty face covered with a white bandage. There was nothing monotonous, however, about her performance, and the success she made

THE "LITTLE OLD LADY" MAKES IT PLAIN: The Baroness (Henrietta Watson) and her son Kurt (Geoffrey Toone) whom she will not allow to marry Fran Dodsworth because she looks ahead with misgiving to the time when Kurt will be the still young husband of a rapidly aging wife

On right—A MOMENT OF FOREBODING: One of the closing episodes in *Dodsworth* when the maid (Francesca Morena; left) tells Mrs. Cortright (Nora Swinburne), who is to marry Sam Dodsworth, that Mrs. Dodsworth is ringing up from Vienna. It transpires she wants a reconciliation with Sam, and Mrs. Cortright fears her chance of achieving happiness is irretrievably lost

OLD FAVOURITES OF THE D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY: This picture, taken in Edwardian days, will be of particular interest to veteran followers of Gilbert and Sullivan, including as it does so many artistes, many of whom have now passed on, who interpreted in earlier years those operas which it seems are timeless in their popularity and of which London is to have a further taste in a season which starts at the Scala Theatre on May 30

Left to right: Back row—Major Richard Handcock, Director of Savoy Hotel, Ltd.; J. W. Beckwith, Acting Manager of Savoy Theatre; Leicester Tunks, one of the principal D'Oyly Carte baritones; Henry Lytton (later Sir Henry); C. H. Workman, comedian. Third row—Mabel Graham; Jessie Rose, soubrette; Rutland Barrington, baritone; Leo Sheffield, baritone; Rex S. L. Boulter, Jun.; Ethel Morrison; Stanley Carr Boulter; Harry E. Bellamy, Acting Manager of D'Oyly Carte. Second row—Francois Cellier, musical director of Savoy Theatre; Clara Dow, soprano; Mrs. D'Oyly Carte; Louie Rene, contralto; Beatrice Meredith; Strafford Moss, tenor. Front row—Henry Herbert, tenor; Beatrice Boarer, soubrette; Cyril Boulter, Jun.; Jimmy James, stage manager

was obvious from beginning to end. Mr. Walter Fitzgerald as an elderly doctor and Mr. Peter Coke as a young one were authentically professional in their demeanour.

"Plan for a Hostess."—Frankly, this is an incredible, impossible play. But it is entertaining. It is incredible because we are asked to believe that a woman is so intent upon giving expensive parties for her daughter that she will blackmail her husband into giving her the necessary money. Not only that. We are invited to take, less rather than more seriously, the idea that a wife will do her uttermost to drive her husband (whom she certainly does not hate) into the arms of another woman for the purpose of extorting the aforesaid blackmail. Minor improbabilities include the obvious unwillingness of the daughter in question to be ushered into the social whirl with any sort of expense; she was a shy and rather *gauche* girl, with no frills on her and no desire to be put up to lure a fiancé, since she already had one.

If she was *gauche*, her swain was rude, and a most diverting pair are they made by Miss Jacqueline Squire and Mr. William Douglas-Home. I cannot believe that here we have the typical engaged couple of 1938. But London would be a merrier place—the play is very Londonish—if this were so. Most novel is it to find an *ingénue* who does not simper and a lover with ideas not solely concerned with love. We do not see too much of them. The author, Mr. Thomas Browne, has written the slightest of plays; yet he never puts a foot wrong in his development of it, and he realises that when fresh and original people are introduced they must not be allowed to wear their welcome. Miss Squire and Mr. Home hold the fort gallantly, so gallantly in fact, that we do not feel relief when they are relieved by stronger forces.

Among such forces is Miss Adrianne Allen. Miss Allen is "the other woman". Her seductive armament consists of a steely common-sense, which, with a glamorous appearance, makes her well worth the anxieties of blackmail. The considerable handicap of having to pretend to be a woman gossip-writer she overcomes in a couple of seconds of devastating charm. Charm being, like patriotism, not enough, she brings to bear infinite skill. I know of no other performance in London so cool and refreshing as that of Miss Allen.

What the duets of Melba and Caruso were to the Edwardians in opera are the light-comedy duels to-day of Miss Yvonne Arnaud and Mr. Ronald Squire. In this piece they are provided for adequately, though not so well that one can forbear to contemplate what it might have been without them. Miss Arnaud as the "blackmailing" wife—it is difficult to apply so ugly an adjective to so pretty a piece of delicious knavery—is at the top of her form. I refuse to believe that Miss Arnaud's English is really so broken as it appears to be after what must be truthfully, if ungallantly, referred to as a longish residence in this country. But who would wish it to improve, or to seem to improve? In some mysterious fashion she can make mis-pronunciation not only quaint but witty. This is partly due to her perfect sense of timing. What there is to know about comedy she knows; an irresistible flow of fun bubbles up to give an added sparkle to flawless technique.

Mr. Squire, with his imperturbable air of protest against Miss Arnaud's exasperating femininity, is the ideal partner. When he intends to play the errant husband he does so with an air of triumphant naughtiness which suggests a sophisticated schoolboy. If ever I met a sophisticated schoolboy in real life I would probably want to kick him. To Mr. Squire one must capitulate, since it is so obvious that he knows every right move in the game of being a light comedian. Why a man with sufficient money to spend £2,000 on a picture should have spent the greater part of Act I in polishing one of his boots was not so obvious. Which, of course, may have justified the process.

"In Old Chicago" (Film).—So good in so many ways is *In Old Chicago* at the Tivoli that those responsible could have dispensed with the irritating superlative habit which has led them to describe it officially as "the greatest film ever made," with other flamboyant clap-trap to that effect. Since some such label is affixed to almost every film coming from America the time has surely arrived when we take such stuff as read.

None the less, here is a film which has cost a vast amount of money (this probably prompted the superlatives) and has involved the expenditure of considerable ingenuity. History tells us that the Chicago fire of 1871 did £50,000,000 worth of damage. This pictorial record of it cost less than that but it must have been expensive, and the thrills which horse-drawn fire-engines and stampeding cattle and houses most realistically falling into ruins can provide are well worth the formidable bill.

The human element is represented by an Irish family named O'Leary, the head of which has an uncomfortably exciting time of it. Mr. Tyrone Power is the inevitable gangster who, also inevitably, has in him those streaks of heroism which make a bad, bad man good, good company—at any rate in the world of the cinema. Miss Alice Faye, who has shown of late that Miss Ginger Rogers is not without a rival in musical grace, sings some songs of astonishing irrelevance with an allure making them an essential part of a "colossal" production which should certainly be seen and seen again.

"Troika" (Film).—A trifle more adventurous than the average French film is *Troika*, a spy drama at the Berkeley. Possibly that is because it is not about France. What it lacks in subtlety is balanced by its thrills. The pilot of an aeroplane is shot in mid-air. The villain is tipped out of a troika (i.e., a horse-drawn sledge) going at full gallop. Polish secret agents plot and counter-plot. Chinese are silently sinister. And the blonde heroine veers between her hatred of her rich and adoring husband and her love for her little son, of which he is not the father.

Beautiful photography of snow scenes and a triumphantly happy ending, except for anybody and everybody who was an enemy to the blonde heroism of Mlle Jean Murat. Mlle Murat has distinct acting ability.

GORDON HARKER TO WED: The famous interpreter of cockney role on stage and screen with his fiancée, Christine Barry. The couple first met when playing in *Roadhouse* at the Whitehall five years ago and since then have renewed acquaintance in several London shows

AUSTRIA BEFORE HITLER'S COUP

Things that Will Be Different Under the New Regime

CHURCH AND STATE: Herr Miklas, the Austrian President who has resigned with the advent of the Nazi regime, pictured during a high mass in Vienna. Kneeling behind him are Dr. Schuschnigg, who has been forced to resign the Chancellorship, and Prince Starhemberg, former Vice-Chancellor

RELIGION: Cardinal Innitzer, Archbishop of Vienna, who issued a proclamation last week-end, asking Austrian Catholics to thank God for the bloodless course of the upheaval

EDUCATION: The vestibule of Vienna University round which once revolved the happy-go-lucky life of one of the gayest of all student fraternities. Under Nazi rule the system of training will no doubt be brought into line with that in the Reich where the Government dominates public instruction

THE ARMY: A steel-helmeted Austrian infantryman of the comparatively small force which will doubtless now be merged with the Reichswehr, probably adopting a similar uniform

JEWRY: Baron Alfons Rothschild (left) and Baron Louis Rothschild (right), two members of the famous banking family, pictured on a Vienna race track. Anti-semitic feeling has already manifested itself in Austria on a scale reminiscent of the early days of Nazi power in Germany. Thousands of Jews attempted to leave the country when the German invasion began, but a large proportion of them were unsuccessful, being held up at the frontiers and forced to surrender any currency they carried

THE MONARCHY: Count Leopold Kunigl, Tyrolean representative of the Austrian Monarchist League, displaying a portrait of the Archduke Otto during a village meeting. Since last week-end, of course, the possibility of Habsburg restoration is as remote in Austria as is Hohenzollern restoration in Germany

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THE CHINESE SEMIRAMIS

American-educated Soong Mei-ling, Better Known to the World as Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Strong Wife of China's Strong Man, Fights to Create an Efficient National Air Force

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

ENERGY PERSONIFIED: Mei-ling, the American-educated wife of China's Premier and Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, who, in this time of dire crisis for her country, is acting as her husband's personal adviser, as Press censor, as chief of the women's division of the semi-religious New Life Movement, as organiser of the Red Cross, and, most important of all, as secretary general of the Air Force. This remarkable woman, a member of the aristocratic Soong family, was born in Shanghai on March 25, 1898, and was sent by her parents at the age of ten to the Wesleyan College for Women at Macon, Georgia, where in company with her sister she was tutored for four years, afterwards continuing her studies in Massachusetts. It was in 1927 that Mei-ling was betrothed to the war-lord Chiang Kai-shek

WITHIN the desperate defence of the flabby, ancient, tradition-bound "Goliath" China, against the ultra-modern realist "David" Japan, another struggle, all the more dramatic because it is silent, has begun.

A Chinese Semiramis, with just those same fighting qualities as the half legendary, half historic Queen of the Near East, has challenged the age-old slimy dragon of graft and corruption high in Chinese ranks, known under the various names of "squeeze," "commission" and "grease the way."

The Chinese Semiramis is small, dainty, and unafraid, American-educated Soong Mei-ling, better known to the world as Madame Chiang Kai-shek, strong wife of China's strong man.

As a flying woman myself, I have always been greatly interested not only in civil aviation and private flying, but in the world's new-born air power, with its influence in international politics and its sinister role in wars. In Abyssinia I saw the eight old civil "crates" of the Emperor Haile Selassie's "fleet" without a single machine-gun or even a rifle in them, as the 350 modern Italian war-planes under General Aimone-Cat did their part in completely crushing the spear and bullhide-shield armed hordes of Ethiopian warriors. I flew in the Emperor's personal plane, an eight-year-old Fokker, its instrument-board almost bare of instruments.

I was much interested in China's young Air Force because I was for some time in Nanking in 1927, and later in 1929 when Chiang Kai-shek's German military advisers under Colonel Max Bauer were laying the foundation for it. I had long correspondence about it with Dr. Fuchs, an expert aviation engineer from the Junkers Works in Dessau, who was then the foreign technical aviation adviser to the Chinese Generalissimo. When Dr. Fuchs was recalled to Germany, I lost track of developments in the Chinese Air Force, but not my interest in it. I knew that it had been kicked about like a football, that it was partly in the hands of the Americans, partly Italians, and the rest Chinese. I had been in Shanghai in the 1932 Sino-Japanese war there, and knew that the Chinese did not take to the air.

The complete and utter failure and collapse of China's Air Force, a fiasco that cannot be called anything but humiliating to the world's flying fraternity, at the very beginning of the present Sino-Japanese conflict, intrigued me—a flying enthusiast who has owned several personal planes—tremendously, as to the causes. The first thing I did on coming to Hong Kong was to try to satisfy that intriguing curiosity.

From foreigners, and Chinese, from pilots, mechanics, aircraft salesmen, from non-flying but well-informed persons, the story unravelled and revealed the answer—an answer that I know so well from other Oriental countries in which I have spent much time. Graft, corruption, incompetency, favouritism, personal interests above national welfare. And out of this framework arose the figure of a tiny Chinese woman, furious, desperate, courageous, boldly battling with the dragon in his lair.

When at the beginning of the Japanese attacks on Shanghai Chiang Kai-shek called a council in Nanking and among other information demanded to know how many planes there were in the Air Force ready to take the air he was told eighty-seven effectives. "The Generalissimo went through the roof. He raved when he heard this," a friend told me. Where were all the planes that had been bought? What had been done with the money appropriated for the Air Force? The Commander-in-Chief was told that by dint of some repairs, if spare parts could be found, the number of effective planes could be raised to 120. A few weeks later there were but nineteen. The Chinese airmen had not bombed a single one of the Japanese transport steamers jammed with soldiers which crowded the Yangtse and Whangpoo rivers, but they did manage to hit the American steamer, *President Hoover*, and they did drop bombs on their own people and on foreigners in the International Settlement. It was accidental, of course, but Chinese and foreigners alike were disillusioned in China's young Air Force.

WATERY GRAVE: A Chinese machine with its nose buried in a creek near Nanking after an unsuccessful duel with Japanese bombers

The Japanese completely dominated the air. The situation was desperate. Madame Chiang Kai-shek was prevailed upon to take over the Air Force as Secretary-General of the National Aviation Commission, as personal representative of the Generalissimo, and the one person who could influence him to give the necessary directives for drastic measures for reform and re-organisation of the Air Force.

"Madame" as she is referred to for short, went into it with all her dynamic energy, temperament, decisiveness, and American love of direct and quick action. All departments of the Chinese air arm were quietly investigated, surveyed and checked by impartial foreign experts in whom she had confidence, and these in turn were re-checked by others. General Scaroni, Chief of the Italian Air Mission and Aviation School at Nanchang, who had not yet been recalled by Mussolini, told of how he had been blocked and harassed by intrigue for many months, his recommendations ignored. Colonel Jouett, head of the American Air Mission at Hangchow, had been undermined and had returned to the United States long ago.

What Madame found in the way of squeeze, graft, and corruption, in one form or another, of incompetency in training, favouritism, loose discipline, is a story that for obvious reasons, I was told, cannot be revealed while the war is on, though I heard many details of it from various sources.

Chinese fighting airmen had swelled heads, they were so imbued with their superiority, that in many cases they would set down their planes on the aerodromes when they came in, and go away without filling in the flying forms which all pilots must do, stating the number of hours and miles flown, the destination, altitude, speed, weather and other details. Promotions had been made of favourites for reasons other than merit. It was discovered that commissions or rake-off had been paid to, and accepted by certain persons for furthering sales. Planes were in bad condition. There was waste.

"Madame" began to "tighten up" things. She is a Christian woman, but she is quite capable of Christian anger. She shocked the Generalissimo by demanding "heads." Literally so—that is the firing squad.

With Lieut.-Colonel Chenault, until recently in the American Army Air Force, as Chief Adviser in training and reorganisation, and Garnett Malley, a very competent and highly spoken of Australian airman, as Madame's technical Adviser, considerable progress has been made in building up a small new and more efficient Air Force.

A small "Foreign Legion of the Air" is being created. At the present time it consists mostly of

(Continued on page 482)

WHEN THE JAPANESE TOOK POSSESSION OF PENGPU, on the North China front, they found this dummy aeroplane, made of straw matting, which had been placed by the Chinese in a field on the outskirts of the town in the hope that it would be the means of attracting the attention of enemy planes away from the town itself

IN CONFERENCE: Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang Kai-shek pictured in their office at Nanking before they left the city. Madame Chiang Kai-shek has lately had to go to Hong Kong to recuperate following her tremendous war efforts which have taken such a toll of her strength

A Page for Women

NEW IDEAS FOR SUN SEEKERS

BEACH bloomers, blazers, box coats—these will be the busy Bs this year. Designers have realised that whether or not a woman has a figure like a sylph she is not going to be dissuaded from sun-bathing, and so they seem to have decided to do their best by everyone.

If you are one of the lucky ones for whom brevity is the soul of wit you can afford to wear Schiaparelli's debonair beach bloomers. They fit as closely as the conventional garment, except that they are peaked slightly at the side, like modified riding breeches, and they either finish just above the knee, with a coloured garter, or they are set into a band which fastens immediately below the knee. They are worn with ordinary sun-bathing tops. Marcel Rochas does enormously full ones, like children's rompers, and he also does long trousers gathered in at the ankle, like a ski-ing suit. Less startling, and more flattering to most women, are the well tailored slacks that are worn with striped blazers.

Strassner, of London, has some of the best-ever play-suits and beach clothes. His white slacks with a loose white serge top-coat, very square and nautical in feeling, would be grand for not-too-good days and not-too-perfect figures, and he has good parti-coloured shirts and shorts—the latter very brief and flatly pleated.

Which reminds me that Harrods have a really wonderful collection of cruising clothes, many of them amazingly inexpensive. The slacks and waistcoat worn by the girl in our picture cost 5 guineas complete, and the suit worn by her companion is 52s. 6d. The price of the long matching coat is 3½ guineas. But they also have some most attractive dressmaker swim suits for 32s. 6d., and extraordinarily well-cut slacks in flannel for 21s., and in stockinette for 30s.

Very fine poplin slacks, in a vibrant gold shade, zip-fastened at one side, with masculine turn-ups and hip pocket. The waistcoat is tucked across the front and has a back of vivid print with a matching scarf. The second outfit follows the fashionable trend for pleats, for the dressmaker suit, in black patterned with red, green, and yellow, has a group of pleats at the front, and the matching coat, fastened with a single button, is pleated from waist to hem

IF you are not too happy about your legs, do not be discouraged. Your problems, it is fair to guess, are pretty much the same as everybody else's. And the two things that are worrying you most, in all probability, are too much hair and an inclination towards roughness of the skin. The latter is the result of winter cold and winter winds. And the former can quite easily be dealt with.

The most satisfactory way of making the legs smooth is to go along to a beauty specialist who can give them a wax bath. It takes very little time; at the worst it is irritating just at the moment when they remove the wax, and many people do not even notice that; and it leaves the skin as smooth and soft as the back of your hand. Even better, it really does discourage the growth of the hair, for it gets well down to the roots, and gradually the hair ceases to re-appear, especially if, whenever you bath, you gently rub your legs with a fine, well soaped pumice stone.

If you would like further details about this treatment, or if you are interested in the general remedial and slimming effects of wax baths, please write to me.

Olive Caley-Smith

You cannot get away from checks, even on a cruise. And you cannot get away from shirt frocks either, since they are tops this year. Here is a delightfully simple dress in red and white duster check, and another in a leaf-patterned jacquard lace

As for etceteras, you can wear flat hats, like the one we have photographed, in straw embroidered with flowers, all for 8s. 6d. at Harrods. You can tie up your head in what looks like a check duster or a white pique napkin. Or you can wear an enormous shallow straw hat, with a wide ribbon pulled across the crown and through the brim so that it can be tied beneath the chin.

In general, shorts are very short. Slacks are moderate in width. Spots and vivid prints are popular for play suits. And while there are quite a number of calf-length beach coats, the most favoured ones reach the ankles.

If you have good legs you are just as lucky as you can be. But if you have not, there is a whole lot that you can do to improve them. Patience and a little foresight can work miracles—so prepare now for lazy days in the sun

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE DOING

THE DUKE OF KENT AS GUEST OF HONOUR AT THE ANGLO-POLISH SOCIETY'S DINNER: His Royal Highness, who proposed the toast of the Society, seated between Countess Raczynska and Professor Malinowski (the chairman) at last week's function at the Hyde Park Hotel. Also in the group are Countess Granville, and Count Raczynski, Polish Ambassador to the Court of St. James

THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS IN LONDON: Prince Bernhard, husband of Princess Juliana, and his brother Prince Aschwin about to leave for Buckingham Palace to take luncheon with the King and Queen. Their stay in town was of an unofficial nature. *Below*—AN ARTIST FROM HER TOES TO HER FINGER-TIPS: This is Varuna, the Mayfair Hotel's dancer from Kandy, Ceylon, who is also a keen and accomplished portrait painter, devoting much of her spare time to art

SEEKING TURF HONOURS: Frances Day, favourite of the musical comedy stage, leading F. Collinson's string of racehorses at exercise on the Sussex Downs, near Seaford. Miss Day, who is an extremely keen follower of racing and an accomplished rider, is mounted on Sea Trout which she hopes to ride in the Newmarket Town Plate in October

BUDDING SONJA HENIES: Nancy Whittington, J. A. Trousel, Coral Styles, and Patsy Sheridan waiting to perform before the judges at the Amateur Junior Figure Skating Championships held last week at the Queen's Ice Skating Club, Bayswater. The youngest competitor was 12

MILK IS BEST: Girls of Hengoed County School, Glamorgan, gathering round to enjoy their daily ration of milk which, in these spring-like days, is laid out for them in the open air. The daily distribution in South Wales, where there has been so much poverty and want of late years, is undoubtedly an important factor in the maintenance of health

"LE BAIN DE DIANE" BY RUBENS: This picture, which represents Actaeon surprising Diana when taking her bath, has just been brought to light in a private collection in France and is of particular interest when compared with the well-known Rubens canvas, belonging to Frans Koenigs of Harlem and reproduced at the foot of this page, which treats of the same subject but does not include the figure of Actaeon. It was long thought that the Koenigs picture was a fragment of the original, but now, art experts declare, this new discovery is probably the original, while the Koenigs picture is a re-painting of a portion of it

A RUBENS DISCOVERY

The Original of Diana and Actaeon Brought to Light

A PAINTING, by Rubens, of considerable importance has just been brought to light in France. The rediscovery of this imposing work, all trace of which had been lost since the end of the seventeenth century, elucidates a curious mystery. The subject of this large canvas is "Le Bain de Diane." A section of the picture is almost identical with the well-known "Bain de Diane" from the collection of M. Frans Koenigs of Harlem, which figured prominently at the exhibition of Rubens and his time, held at the Orangerie Museum in Paris, 1936–37. Indeed, in the catalogue of this show, this painting was referred to as a fragment of a composition representing Diana surprised, when taking her bath, by Actaeon, the left portion of the picture representing Actaeon and the nymphs having been destroyed. The former aspect of the entire composition, it was further stated in the catalogue, had been engraved by Spruyt in 1787; it had also been painted in an old copy which was shown at the Rubens exhibition in Amsterdam in 1933. The discovery, however, of this large composition seems to imply that the canvas in the Koenigs collection is not a fragment of the original but another painting of the same subject. The history of the newly discovered work is as follows:

ACTAEON: A detail of the newly discovered Rubens picture exemplifying the Dutch master's free and flowing technique

It appears the picture was purchased by Cardinal Richelieu for the sum of 3,000 écus. On the death of the Cardinal, two years later, the painting passed into the possession of his grand-nephew. This was just about the period when the opinion of connoisseurs and collectors was divided between the school of Rubens and the school of Poussin. On the advice of Roger de Piles, the new duke added some twenty important works by Rubens to his fine collection. In 1681, this celebrated critic of the seventeenth century published a work on the most famous paintings by the Flemish master and described in particular this large composition of "Le Bain de Diane." After that it completely disappeared.

A. W.

THE KOENIGS' CANVAS which has long been known to connoisseurs of Rubens and would now appear to be not a fragment of the original picture of Actaeon surprising Diana at her bath but a re-painting by Rubens and his assistants of a portion of the original

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

HERVEY ALLEN CONJURES UP HISTORY

The Author of "Anthony Adverse" has a Tale to Tell of the American Civil War in "Action at Aquila"

By VERNON FANE

I MUST confess to being one of those unenterprising people who neither read *Anthony Adverse* nor went to the great Wembley Exhibition, so I was able to approach Mr. Hervey Allen's new novel, **ACTION AT AQUILA** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) with no bias and no expectations—a pleasant state of affairs, sometimes known as having an open mind.

There have been, and quite recently, other novels about the American civil war, novels which have varied from the purely graphic to the unashamedly romantic. Mr. Allen's story avoids both these extremes. He recognises sentiment, and uses it to a valid extent, and he knows the effect of a powerfully written battle scene. But there is a coherence of thought in his case which sets the book apart from "period" romances.

At the last page the reader will know that he has just finished an exceptionally stirring adventure story, but he will realise equally that it is a very effective indictment of the brutality and stupidity of war—of any war.

The Federal Colonel, whose experiences it draws, is in the true scale of heroes, courageous, kindly and quick-thinking, and his exploits seem less feats of derring-do than the credible impulses of a man of independent spirit, who is influenced by his fellows only to the extent demanded by common courtesy. In other words a thoroughly likeable creation.

By the third year of the war Colonel Franklin had had no leave and was more than ready for the three weeks' furlough he finally managed. With the idea of getting away from the war he journeyed north but found, in new cities and clubs and the homes of old friends, too many reminders of that long and bitter struggle. Finally he bought a good horse and started back to join his regiment in Virginia, in the Shenandoah valley.

It is there that his fortunes become involved with a Southern family, whose home he is forced to burn to the ground. The subsequent adventures of the Colonel with his men, and the Colonel with his Confederate friends make the best part of the novel and underline the horror of a war in which men of the same race and breed are set against one another.

As it happens I have no knowledge of the author's previous work to set a scale in judging this book, but I find it easy to recommend, with great sincerity, as a novel of distinction and power.

The worst of really spectacular best-sellers is that they do in a sense spoil the market for those who come afterwards, even if they come at a distance of as much as ten years. Once there was a book called *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and since the day it was published and soared immediately into popularity, it has been very difficult to write anything original about blondes, and practically impossible to write anything original about the relationship of gentlemen *to* blondes.

If it were not for that book then—and Heaven forbid that we should have missed it—**MEN ARE SO FRIENDLY** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) would have a far better chance of success, or rather of success on its own standing. It is quite possible that the author, Miss Nancy Swift, has never read a word of Miss Loos' *opus*. All the same, the style of tough naiveté with which she writes is going to prompt the inevitable comparisons. The publishers, I see, have started already, and, even with the best will in the world, it is difficult not to find something familiar in such sentences as this:—

"The champagne, however, didn't prove exactly helpful for as soon as we realised we had to pay duty on it, there was nothing for us to do but drink it, so we arrived in Naples with headaches. My sister wanted to sleep but we had two hours before our boat left for Alexandria so I thought we ought to see Vesuvius. 'What did you come around the world for anyway?' I said. 'How do I know?' she snapped, 'I haven't met him yet. . . .'"

Perhaps if one were going into this comparison business odiously and thoroughly one might find a faint reminiscence of *The Young Visiter* about Miss Swift's work too.

Be that as it may the result is a thoroughly entertaining little book, written in that ironic spirit of frank inquiry which is apt to produce at least one laugh to a page.

Since Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt published *Sinabada*, a volume of autobiography, some months ago, I have felt, in common I expect with a few thousand other readers, that she was a person whom I actually knew; a friend I might not see very often, but whom I flattered myself I understood and appreciated.

Her new novel **PITY OF THE WORLD** (Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.) does nothing to dispel this pleasantly intimate impression, in spite of the fact that I have not to this day had the pleasure of making the author's acquaintance, except through the medium of her writing. And that by any standards, should prove that it was a first-class autobiography.

As to this novel, which is set in Kenya, a country Mrs. Mordaunt knows well, it has very different merits which none the less make it well worth reading. The aristocratic settler, married to a chorus girl and with a high-spirited daughter, might sound stock figures if Mrs. Mordaunt did not so thoroughly reverse their roles, show Charles Fleming as an amiable though treacherous creature with indisputable good looks, and his wife Molly as a tower of strength, of dignity, resourcefulness, and sweetness.

Even though the tomboy daughter runs a little closer to novelists' form she has sufficient character to take her out of the robot class, and she is most of all alive in her childish loyalties. With these three very human people as a nucleus Mrs. Mordaunt has succeeded in giving us, as it were incidentally, a picture of a country and a kind of life with its own beauty and squalor, tragedy, and adventure. And, exciting as they are, she has made such incidents as the march of the ants, the wounding of an old lion, and a plague of locusts entirely secondary to the greater interest of the human story she has to tell.

The big guns of Communism and collective happiness and Stakhanovism are brought up and trained on a pleasantly intelligent little family in Mr. Hilton Brown's new novel, **THAT STATE OF LIFE** (Geoffrey Bles. 8s. 6d.). A successful, humanitarian doctor, his barely grown-up son and daughter, their equally young cousin, and their bitterly resented step-mother make up that family, of which each in his own way makes an attempt to break away from the conventions of the class into which he happened to be born.

Naturally, the young people, with the sum experience of a day-old chick, are for Communism. They hang Spanish manifestos on their walls and plod manfully through tomes of Leninism. They condemn class distinctions and are highly embarrassed if their host orders an egg with his tea. They are over-read, but not well-read, and they have the wide tolerance of the Watch Committee in a small provincial town.

The girl attempts a love affair with a young man of more aspirations than aspirates, and her brother finds himself equally out of his depth with a patronising lady of easy virtue. Their high principles of equality and comradeship suffer several blows of a kind for which they were least prepared, and there is a final rather shamefaced return to the *bourgeois* conventions of the family circle.

As for the father and as for the young stepmother, a nice woman who can never understand why the children object to be called "ducks," their attempts at escape are equally futile and they join in the spiritual homecoming with as much relief as their youngers.

Mr. Brown writes lightly and ironically of all these weighty problems, and when he has reached a conclusion that is satisfactory to himself, he leaves his readers with a comforting smile and the very faintest echo of Pippa's philosophy.

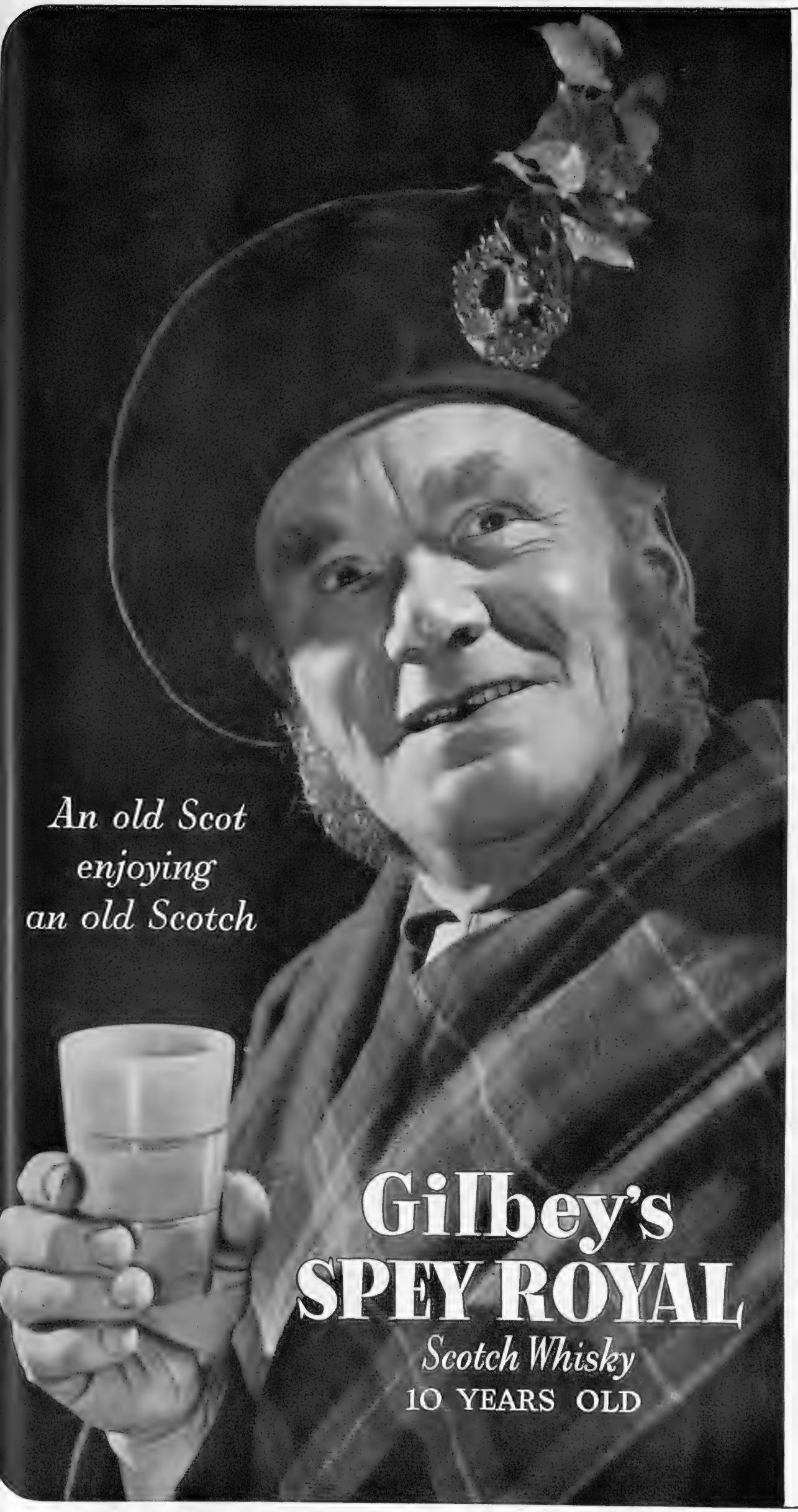
"Ecksize. Greyfrecksize. Chibootsonfrecksize."

The first morning of his life sentence young Mansell heard this strange chant outside his cell door. It was his first intimation of the existence

(*Continued on page* 482)

BOOKS RECEIVED

COLLINS.—ADVENTURE IN MAYFAIR. By Philip Hughes. 7s. 6d. THE TIME OF WILD ROSES. By Doreen Wallace. 8s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—BURGOS JUSTICE. By Ruiz Vilaplana. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—LIFER. By Jim Phelan. 8s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—FEMININE FIG LEAVES. By C. Willett Cunnington. GOLLANCZ.—MOZART THE MAN AND HIS WORKS. By W. J. Turner. Illustrated. 16s. SLEEP IN PEACE. By Phyllis Bentley. 8s. 6d. DICTATOR'S WAY. By E. R. Punshon. 7s. 6d. ACTION AT AQUILA. By Hervey Allen. 8s. 6d. SOLO. By Nicolas Bodington. 7s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—ONCE A COMMISSAR. By Vladimir Koudrey. 10s. 6d. HARRAP.—GREECE AND THE ÆGEAN. By Ernest A. Gardner. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—JOURNALIST'S WIFE. By Lilian Mowrer. 12s. 6d. ANOTHER OPHELIA. By Edwin Lanham. 7s. 6d. THE GUNS LOOK BACK. By Lajos Zilahy. 8s. 6d. WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JAPAN? By Willard Price. Illustrated. 15s. INQUISITION AND LIBERTY. By G. G. Coulton. Illustrated. 15s. HOPKINSON.—KAFIRS AND GLACIERS: Travels in Chitral. By R. C. F. Schomberg. Illustrated. 15s. HUCHINSON.—GAMBLERS OF THE TURF. By Arthur J. Sarl. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. JARROLD.—MY ENGLAND. By Edward Shanks. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—THE LARCHES. By John Hampson and L. A. Pavey. 7s. 6d. NIGHT AND THE CITY. By Gerald Kersh. 8s. 6d. T. WERNER LAURIE.—THE FLIVVER KING. By Upton Sinclair. 7s. 6d. LONGMANS.—SNATCH AND GRAB. By Rex Grayson. 7s. 6d. HOT AIR. By Kenneth Macassey. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—LAND OF TOMORROW. By Shirley Seifert. 7s. 6d.



STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 1

According to tradition the first Gordon to achieve notoriety was that Bertrand de Gourdon who is said to have shot Richard the Lion Heart before Chalus in 1199. The old red tartan was, like some others, a territorial one proper to parts of Aberdeenshire and Morayshire, and was worn in the 18th century by Gordons, Brodies and Forbeses alike, especially those with Jacobite leanings.

When in 1794 the Gordon Highlanders were raised for the Crown from the Clan by the Marquess of Huntley it was necessary to provide them with a tartan that did not imply either a preferential loyalty to the Chief or sympathy for the exiled Stewarts, the Black Watch tartan was selected, but differenced with a yellow stripe. Except for full dress this has now come to be accepted as the clan tartan.

In the same way the present Forbes tartan was evolved in 1822 by Miss Forbes of Pitsligo by adding a white cross line to the Black Watch tartan. Thus the two principal families that once wore the red Huntley now wear a tartan only differenced by a yellow and a white line. The unique clan badge is a sprig of ivy.

The Gordons it may be noted were the first to adopt the Glengarry bonnet after its invention about 1795 for the use of the Glengarry Fencibles. Our Gordon however wears the Balmoral bonnet, now generally worn in Scotland. It is a modernised version of the old Kilmarnock " blue bonnet " made famous by so many Scots songs. Like the Royal Balmoral tartan it was apparently evolved by the Prince Consort about 1860.

It's GOOD–
it's GILBEY'S

ROAD IMPROVEMENT A CHANGE OF POLICY

Two-Carriageway and One-Way Roads Now Find Greater Favour With The Authorities

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

A ONE-WAY BY-PASS: A view of the new £200,000 Mickleham, Surrey, by-pass which takes the north-bound traffic from the Dorking side of Burford Bridge to Leatherhead, the south-bound traffic still using the old road

THE opening of part of the Mickleham by-pass on the Leatherhead–Dorking road has given motorists another opportunity of testing an up-to-date British highway. I think all of us who have driven along this by-pass are distinctly pleased that the road authorities in this country are apparently embarking on a modified design of arterial road. Some few years ago, when the authorities decided that an existing main road was not sufficiently wide to carry its traffic, they set about increasing its width. Later on, their policy changed, and in order to take the increased traffic, twin-carriageways were introduced. This alteration of plan is very clearly seen on the main Brighton road. This important highway is still in the course of being improved, and it looks as if the process will not be completed for another five or six years.

At the Brighton end the original plan of widening the existing road was followed for about five or six miles. Then the authorities decided to have dual carriageways and so instead of disorganising the traffic using the existing road, which is always necessary when the width is being increased, they have built another completely separate road running more or less parallel with the old one. They are to be congratulated on leaving a really wide strip of land between the two roads. This plan, in addition to the obvious desirability of preventing drivers being blinded by the head-lamps of cars coming in the opposite direction, preserves to a great extent the rural scenery.

Most of us motorists have been pressing upon the authorities to build us brand new fast highways like they have in Germany or Italy, but I think all of us would admit that if such roads were provided it would be many years before the scar which they would make on the countryside would be healed. By building an additional road parallel to the existing one and some distance away from it as has been done on parts of the Brighton road and now at Mickleham, we are being given a very happy compromise, and I hope that we shall see more and more of such roads.

During the past winter I have used the Brighton road every week-end and I must say that each time when I have found myself on the small stretch of double-carriageway that has been opened to traffic I have given a sigh of relief and realised immediately that driving on that stretch was far less of a strain than on other parts of that highway. It would be exceedingly interesting if the authorities would give us figures showing the number of accidents on any particular road before and after it had been converted into a double-carriageway. I feel certain that the accident figures would show a great reduction. In this connection it is to be hoped that the Kingston by-pass will shortly be completed. If ever there was a death-trap it was this unfortunate highway. It has been almost as bloody as a battlefield, but once it has been converted into parallel twin roads I can see it becoming at long last safe for humanity.

The modern car, whether it is built in this country or abroad, is undoubtedly very completely equipped and I expect most people would find a difficulty in suggesting any fitting or gadget that would increase the comfort or interest of the occupants. It has occurred to me, however, that a neat instrument on the facia board or some other convenient position which indicated the temperature of the outside atmosphere and the interior of the car itself would appeal to the average driver and passenger. Such an instrument, I venture to think, would be easy to manufacture and not difficult to install.

Another small device which I notice has only just become available to the general public is the small cross-piece or outrider which can be fixed to an existing bumper. Attempts have been made to standardise the height of the bumper from the ground but in this country there is such a difference between the smallest and the largest cars that it is practically impossible to put this standardisation into effect. Obviously, two cars with bumpers at such heights from the ground that they miss each other entirely can cause more damage to each other if they touch than if no bumpers at all were fitted. By fitting these outriders, however, which incidentally, is quite a simple job the width of the bumper bar is increased approximately three times. The added weight is practically negligible and, if anything, the appearance is enhanced.

This year marks the tenth anniversary of the inauguration of that motoring body known as the Order of the Road. It was in 1927 when my friend, Major Frank Bale, and myself were on the way to Exeter that we discussed the details of a scheme whereby an opportunity would be given to all decently-minded drivers to come together in one organisation. As a result of our deliberations we founded the Order of the Road, and our task was made lighter by the fact that we found an immediate willingness on the part of a small handful of experienced well-known motorists to come on the committee and help to start the organisation.

MEMORIES OF YESTERDAY: The famous Trout at Godstow, probably the oldest and most picturesque inn on the Thames. This building at one time was part of the now ruined Godstow Nunnery. The car crossing the bridge is an M.G. 1½-litre Saloon

The Order was the first motoring body in the world which insisted on certain qualifications of good driving from its members, and which resolved to be quite ruthless in turning out existing members, the moment they ceased to be good and courteous drivers. Another feature of the Order of the Road which should appeal to the right type of driver is that neither the organisation nor any of its officials derive any financial benefit from the insurance premiums of its members. The subscription is small and none of the staff who carry out the work receive extravagant salaries. There are now thousands of members and the familiar six-pointed red-star badge is to be seen everywhere on our roads.

A few weeks ago in these notes I mentioned that the unlimited number of trials both of cars and motor-cycles over out-of-the-way country lanes and tracks was receiving the attention of the R.A.C. and the A.C.U. At the time of writing nothing specific has been decided upon but meetings are taking place in an endeavour to arrive at some decision. Before very long I feel certain that something will be done so that the public will cease to have any legitimate grounds for complaint. In the motor racing world, the position in my opinion is somewhat similar. With the opening of new tracks and the increased desire of existing clubs to run major race meetings the calendar is becoming, or has become, overcrowded. There is, of course, no question of the public lodging complaints because the events are held on private ground.

Promoters, however, are apt to discover that the attendances are not so large as could be desired. My own view is that if the number of important races were reduced by 50 per cent the financal result to the whole body of promoters would be even more satisfactory than at the moment. If I live in London, say close to the National Gallery, it might be years before I went inside, just because it is available to me practically any day I care to visit it. On the other hand if a friend or relation from Ireland or Scotland comes to visit me the chances are that he or she will go to the National Gallery on one of the three or four days that they are in town.

At the Indianapolis track in America one race meeting is staged in the year, and that draws such crowds that the revenue is sufficient to keep the place going and show a handsome profit. Whilst I recognise the conditions here are not quite the same, and I do not suggest that there should be only one race meeting at Brooklands, Crystal Palace, or Donington. I do think that everyone would be better served if we cut down the number of our events by 50 per cent.

For many years the Royal Scottish Automobile Club have held a Rally which has always been extremely popular and well-organised. This year the event has International status and already a whole host of well-known competitors have entered. In addition to the usual eliminating tests en route, two final tests will be held in the grounds of the Empire Exhibition, Bellahouston Park, Glasgow. The Coachwork Competition on the last day of the Rally will also be held in the Exhibition grounds. The Royal Scottish Automobile Club remind intending competitors that owing to the Empire Exhibition being held in Glasgow during the summer hotel accommodation will be very limited during the Rally week, June 6–10, and that reservations should be made as early as possible. Copies of the regulations with entry forms may be obtained on application to the Secretary, R.S.A.C., 163, West George Street, Glasgow.

This year the Dunlop Rubber Company celebrate their jubilee. Fifty years ago, when the first pneumatic tyre was used on the road, few people were able to visualise the epoch-making nature of the event. Mr. Leslie Burgin, the Minister of Transport, has in this connection sent the following notice to the Dunlop Rubber Company: "In this jubilee year of the pneumatic tyre I am pleased to add my tribute to the many which will be reaching the Dunlop Company from all parts of the world. Fifty years ago John Boyd Dunlop fixed to the wheel of his son's tricycle the rim carrying the first pneumatic tyre in the world. Could he return to-day, what immense developments he would find had followed from that experiment. It was the pneumatic tyre which called the great cycling community into being; it was the pneumatic tyre, tried and proved on the bicycle, which was made strong enough to withstand the evergrowing stress of speed and load as the petrol engine developed."

IMPROVEMENT AT SYMOND'S YAT: Motorists will appreciate this widening work which is taking place on the road leading to the well-known Yat Rock when approached from the Ross-on-Wye — Monmouth Road

This England . . .

Blue Anchor Bay from above Nettlecombe—Somerset

SINCE the days when Domesday inquisitors differed from local precept upon how many swine a woodland might support, or the number of plough teams needed for the hide, the tale of our agriculture has been a stormy one. But in the ebb and flow of wordy battle it is well to remember this — our England has finer pasture than any other land may show . . . and finer livestock. Moreover, the raising of stock keeps all the land in good heart. Therefore, let us in no way neglect the thing we do best, for of such is England made great. Even, indeed, to such humble matters as your daily Worthington —itself of the soil—brewed these centuries gone to give a man comfort and sustenance and keep him in good heart.

. . . by Worthington

Cruising...

A PRINTED CRÊPE ENSEMBLE

by Debenhams

From the new Collection

A youthful ensemble of printed crêpe in a novelty design, with white pique bows and pipings, skirt with generous pleats, smart swing coat with pleat at back. In navy, black, brown, or lido.

Sizes 42, 44, 46, and 48 **98/6**

Cruising and Sports Frocks First Floor.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1

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KING CAROL — THE MAN

(Continued from page 454)

all. There is a special bureau and I get only the exceptional, most curious. A lot ask for money; I do my best on a limited budget. But they also ask me a thousand impossible things, such as to prevent a law suit, to suspend justice. I sometimes feel like Saint Louis, administering justice beneath an oak!

"In Rumania the monarchy represents the durable and stable point of the pyramid, as well as its base! Impossible to distinguish the king from the nation; they are one. That being so, the king here has a special responsibility. I know the Constitution says the reverse, that the ministers rule, yet the fact differs. The fact is that without my signature there is nothing doing, and that each time I sign my conscience has been put under tribute.

"I like my job and there is no use in being a king if you do not. I need this activity. I want to continue the kingly tradition of Charles I who took many personal initiatives.

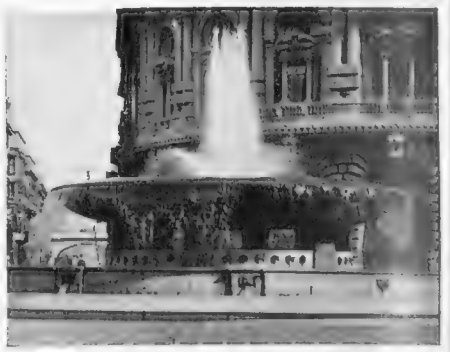
"In order to be a good king, I should say that firstly, you must like being a king—which does not prohibit one being a quiet bourgeois, also as I am! I may insist on a rigorous Court etiquette in order that the royal idea may be protected by such decorum. But that is a long way from becoming the prisoner of such ceremonial, as occurred at the Court of Spain. A king must conserve direct contact with his people, tolerate no wall between him and them. He has to lead a double life, the one, formal, the other, easy going. When it isn't a case of an official ceremony, I care very little for etiquette. I go off by car with at most one aide-de-camp and question people face to face in order to find out things."

All the above was uttered at a time when everyone considered Carol to be just an irresponsible if picturesque character. The forceful and the serious in him were never suspected. That there was reason for such deducing, may be true enough.

After seven or eight troubled post-war years in his own country, when he got on even less with his strict father than with his brainy mother, Crown Prince Carol was made to renounce the throne as an alternative to his remaining with Madame Lupescu. Naturally there had previously come a split with his second wife, Princess Helen of Greece. When King Ferdinand died, and Carol should have mounted the throne, the position was that his five-year-old son, Michael, did so instead, under a Regency in which Princess Helen, a strong character herself, loomed largely; while, as for the former Crown Prince, he was spending his time between a château near Le Mans and Paris, and London and Sussex.

In 1930 that position was ended by the celebrated air return, out-Zenda-ing anything even Anthony Hope ever thought of, and by the taking over of the throne from King Michael by—King Carol. Unique event in all history, this change-over from kingly child-son to kingly father—man of the world. And a remarkable thing is that father and son have ever since been on the closest terms. Many have said King Carol has kept the Grand Voyvoda of Alba Julia rarely out of his sight, as a measure of self-protection. Whatever truth in that, one sees father and dethroned son together on all occasions, and it is announced that the son will accompany his father to London. It is also announced that a reconciliation may be in the air between King Carol and Princess Helen, who lives chiefly in Florence, and who has been wont to spend a month each year in the company of young Michael. In passing it is interesting to note that King Carol has borne the influence of three women each high above the intellectual average. Firstly, his mother. Secondly, his wife, Princess Helen. Thirdly, Madame Lupescu. Of all the yarning that has circulated concerning the last-named, one infinitely prefers, for probable accuracy, the long picture painted of her by John Gunther in *Inside Europe*. "The modern Dubarry" was evidently no grabbing adventuress, influencing the King only in a harmful manner; rather does she seem to have given poise and to have kept in the background the while.

GENOA'S MONEY-MAKING FOUNTAIN



Top—The fountain into which the superstitious throw coins for luck and *(above)* citizens watching the monthly haul amounting to hundreds of lire

When a wealthy shipbuilder of Genoa presented this fountain to the city in 1936 he little thought it would be credited with miraculous powers. But such has become the case, people flocking from far and wide to throw coins into the basin in the belief that the action will bring good fortune. Who first thought of the idea is a mystery, and the whole thing must be put down to some sort of mass psychological urge. One thing is certain, however, and that is the fact that Genoa's charities are benefiting largely, the sum of £280 having been collected from the fountain by the municipality in the past year and a half and distributed to deserving causes.

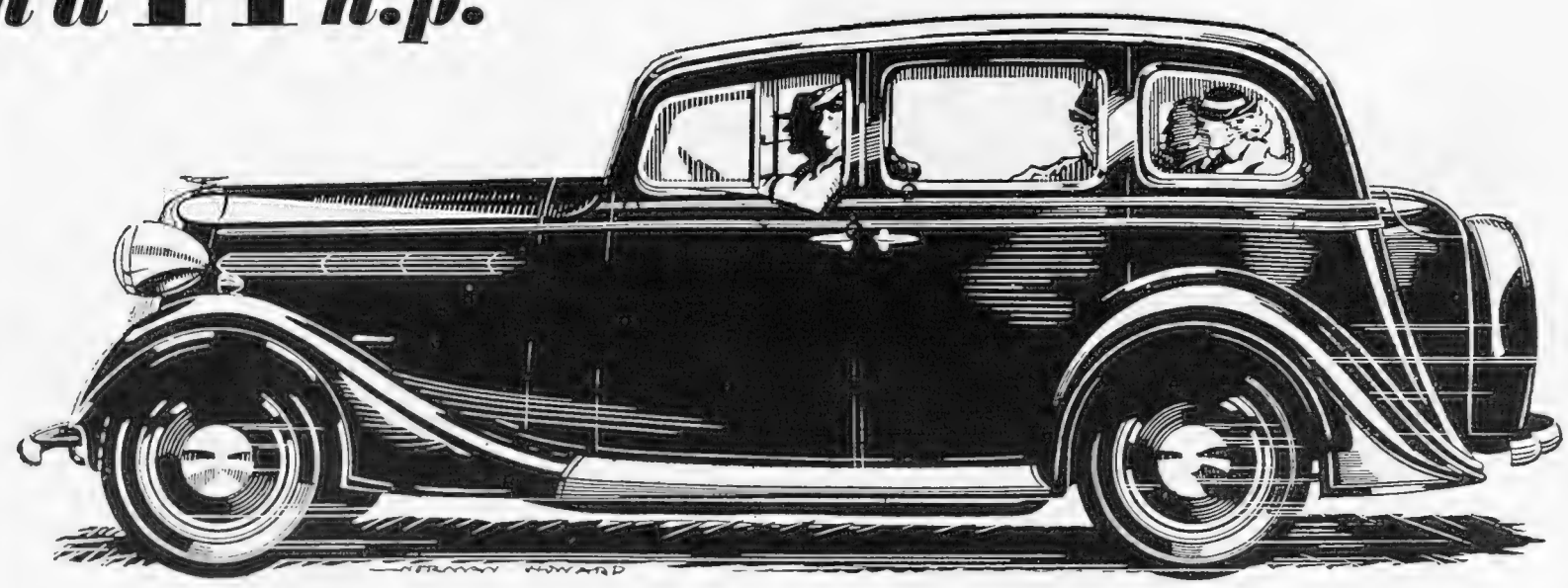
In his new Palace opposite the chief café, the Corse, and cafés have enacted a prime role in Rumanian affairs, King Carol earns his civil list from early morn till often after midnight. This does not mean he is at his desk or held by ceremonial all that time. Far from it. He will often dash suddenly by road to investigate this or that, to hunt, to walk, to control his grocery store where, in the heart of the capital, wine, apples, cheese and other commodities off his estates, are sold; to follow affairs at the Royal Cultural Foundation which he started and which is given over to literary and scientific publications. Or he will dash off to attend some Boy Scout or athletic rally, in each of which he is deeply interested.

To return to that desk, King Carol has to put in half a dozen hours a day, all the same, since he insists upon seeing everything and on receiving all legitimate callers, peasant or prince. He will maintain that centralised control more than ever now. And no doubt his unknown trips abroad, as Count Verancea, will contract.

King Carol's has been a life spent under the attentions of the spy and potential assassin, never more so than in his years of exile, yet he has gone gaily through it and should continue so to carry on. Upon which English term, I shall close.

Our visitor "definitely" likes England, as why should he not, coming of the stock he does! His new Constitution stipulates that in the event of an heir being absent, one should be sought from a Western European dynasty. The King is a Western European by sympathy, England and France his favourites. He only hopes he can remain in with them, while protecting his spreading realm. But he has got to keep steadily before him the freak or perilous position of that realm, flanked by Russia and Germany and by others who could "sympathise" with these two dynamic Powers. Rumania is rich, mainly in oil and wheat, rich in her strategical lie. As rich, in fact, as she is vulnerable and, thus far, has been unstable. King Carol has set himself a whole-time job, if ever man has.

POWER *plus* Petrol Saving *in a* 14 *h.p.*



The Vauxhall 14 h.p. Touring Saloon, outstanding value at **£230**

VAUXHALL ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP

gives you in this car:—

Independent Front Wheel Suspension
(changes riding into gliding)

Six-Phase Carburation
(economy plus performance)

Controlled Synchromesh
(you can forget the gearbox)

Overhead Valves
(A Vauxhall feature for 16 years)

No-Draught Ventilation
(fresh air without shivers)

Simple Easy Jacking System

DE LUXE SALOON £225

TOURING SALOON £230
(with built-in luggage accommodation)

IT is not difficult to design a car that will perform as the Vauxhall 14 will perform—so long as petrol consumption doesn't matter.

The difficulty arises in trying to combine the double advantages of Vauxhall's lively performance and a petrol consumption round about 30 m.p.g. On a recent R.A.C. official trial, over 1,000 miles of public roads, a 14 h.p. saloon actually did 30·31 m.p.g.

The reason that Vauxhalls accounted for 36·5% of all 14 h.p. sales during 1937 was largely this unique combination of performance and economy. Coupled, of course, with the fact that they have Independent Suspension. Nearly 80,000 Vauxhall owners confirm that this system of springing does change riding into gliding. De Luxe Saloon £225.

The Vauxhall 12 h.p. is a companion car to the famous 14 h.p. The ideal model for those who want a car that will do almost everything the 14 will do, but are content with a slightly smaller engine. Independent Springing. A Six at the Price of a Four. Saloon £215.

"ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP," a book of interest to all motorists, will be sent on request by Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton. Any Vauxhall dealer will provide an adequate trial run on any Vauxhall model and prove its petrol economy.

VAUXHALL

10 H.P. another outstanding example of Vauxhall Engineering Leadership. In a recent R.A.C. official trial, the saloon did 43·4 m.p.g. Many big features, including Independent Springing, controlled synchromesh, overhead valves, Hydraulic brakes, All-steel construction for strength with lightness.
Saloons from £168.

25 H.P. —Vauxhall's big luxury car was designed to meet world competition. It has brilliant acceleration, and will hold 80 m.p.h., if you feel like it. On a recent R.A.C. official trial the saloon did 22.48 m.p.g. Independent Springing. All Synchromesh gears. Hydraulic brakes. Interior car heater and windscreen defroster. Many other luxury features. Saloon £315.

THE CHINESE SEMIRAMIS (Continued from page 473)

Russians, but there are also some Americans, British, French, and other nationals. Airmen, especially the air-fighting soldiers of fortune, are often difficult to handle. These seem to be no exception, especially the Russians. They keep themselves rather aloof from the others.

Of the 200 planes ordered from Russia for which Moscow demanded cash, and about which there has been so much in the Press, ninety-six were flown to Lanchow, Hankow, and other aerodromes. That is, they started from Russia. Thirty-six of them are said to have had forced landings over the long bleak and difficult Sinkiang country, and deserts, and mountains of other routes, on which there are no emergency landing fields, and the winter weather severe. Most of them have been written off as lost.

The last sixteen of the thirty-six British Goliath biplanes ordered in England by the Finance Minister, Dr. Kung, when he was in Europe, have arrived. Of the first twenty, no fewer than five were immediately crashed by Chinese pilots on landing them. It has been found that few of the Chinese airmen have had the necessary training to be competent enough to fly and land the latest types of fast fighters or bombers.

A number of American Glenn Martins have come, and the nineteen Bellancas, about whose shipment there was so much fuss in America, and which were unloaded at San Diego, have finally reached Kowloon.

The Japanese are using a French De Woitine pursuit ship, apparently modified in Japan from the original model which commands great respect in the air and has been deadly in its attacks. It is not so fast as one of the Russian types of fighters, nor as one of the American pursuiters used by the Chinese, but its climb and manœuvrability are declared to be amazing. It is hoped that the British Goliath, also known for its manœuvrability will be able successfully to meet the Japanese De Woitine.

Japanese airmanship, nothing to boast of at the beginning of the war, has improved "100 per cent," I was told by competent observers. Especially has their bomb-sighting accuracy become better, and that is attributed not only to practice but to improved optical instruments.

"Madame" though a devout Christian woman, would like to carry the war into Japan, I was told. But her small Air Force has no long range British Blenheim, or American Douglas or Boeing Flying Fortress bomber, which could carry a ton of bombs to Osaka, Kobe, or other Japanese industrial centres and get back.

In the meantime, "Madame" is said to have received a check in her personal war against the deeply-entrenched dragon "squeeze" and "graft," because all national energies, good or evil, must be mobilised against the Japanese.

CONTINUATIONS

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 476)

that was to be his for the next score of years, an existence so regimented and so mechanically ordered that its very language had grown stunted and compressed into the workable minimum of sounds.

"Exercise. Get ready for exercise. Get your boots on for exercise." Mansell was to hear those distorted words so often after that first morning of stunned inquiry that he came to accept them as an unremarkable part of jail life. There were to be many such things, inexplicable at first, learned only after weeks of hardening trial and error.

"AN ENGLISH CALENDAR": Miss Evelyn Dunbar standing beside her latest picture with its symbolic figures representing the months, now on view at Wildenstein's Galleries. Miss Dunbar has exhibited a few times in big group shows and a great future is predicted for her work which is highly individual in technique

LIFER (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) is in a sense another crook's biography, in a sense an entirely new kind of book since it deals only, and in detail, with the life inside prisons, barely explains the kind of life that the prisoner led before his sentence, and never even touches on the question of his guilt or innocence, a fine piece of impartiality from which the novel gains a great deal.

The author, Mr. Jim Phelan, has himself served a term of fourteen years imprisonment, which was spent in several jails in Ireland and England, but he asserts that there is no biographical material in his novel.

"This book" he writes in his foreword "is no attack on a 'system,' but a warning of the grave dangers we run in allowing our social services to become mechanised. The person *becomes* a machine.

However much he may disclaim a bitterness that might have prompted his writing, this novel of Jim Phelan's remains a terrific indictment of the present system as it exists to-day.

Major P. C. Wren is, first and foremost, a story-teller, and since he concentrates on that rather than on the "trimmings" of fine writing, his stories are both convincing and well planned.

CARDBOARD CASTLE (John Murray. 8s 6d.) departs a long way from the *Beau Geste* tradition, and it is a story of English country life in a particularly beautiful English country house. Since the story is Major Wren's, however, there are spicy interludes with secret staircases, South American desperadoes and hard-drinking fugitives from justice. (Any justice really, but with a special aversion from the South American kind.)

The plot moves fast, the characters sometimes faster, and a cheerfully conceived, rattling good tale is the result.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, K.G., President of the above Society, has graciously consented to open their new Fortescue House Home, Hampton Road, Twickenham, on Wednesday, April 27th at 3 p.m. In the Society's various Homes and Training Ship, 1,200 poor boys and girls are maintained and trained to take their part in the battle of life. Funds are most urgently needed to help this Society to carry on the great work of caring for 1,200 poor boys and girls and a special appeal is made to our readers to send donations, large or small, to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

NO, we did not pay for this

When shown this letter most people say "How much did that cost you?" The answer is "NOTHING WHATEVER." We will prove to anyone interested that it is the honest opinion of a well-known motorist who is qualified to judge.

6th January, 1938

Dear Sirs,

I think it might interest you to hear the story of a "Diehard."

For many years I have raced on, and recommended to clients a well-known branded oil, because, through bitter experience I had found it the best. Neither persuasive tongues nor attractive competitive prices have been able to move me.

When your District Representative approached me about your new oil, I was, I hope, courteous, but firm. My Partner, however, took from him a pamphlet dealing with the construction of your new oil and, having read it several times, astounded me by saying he would try it in his racing Talbot, a very signal honour I assure you.

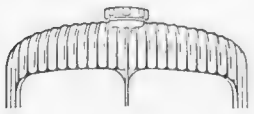
The results were beyond expectation and so convincing that this Firm now sells no other oil unless the client insists. I run my own car on it.

I would like to say that your oil does everything that you claim for it. Cold starting is amazing, with no signs of condensation from the exhaust, and it holds its body admirably under the strain of continuously high "revs" in the Talbot. I can most truthfully say that I have never used so good an oil and do not want a better.

NEW SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V

The wisdom of Driving a Daimler



You'd be safer—you and your family—driving a Daimler. Daimler control and braking, steering and road-holding guarantee that. And you have to consider safety. You'd be happier, driving a Daimler. There's pleasure in handling a car so tractable yet so responsive; there's physical comfort and peace of mind behind the wheel of a Daimler.

Turn the proposition over in your mind. A car of the medium size you need. Tax and insurance on the medium scale. All the power you want—when you want it: all the safety a car in itself can give. All the good looks a car can have—without ostentation. All the comfort, the solid confidence—of driving a Daimler!

'THE MOST INTERESTING CAR OF THE YEAR'

- **Independent front wheel springing**
- **Anti-roll control bars front and rear**
- **Inter-axle seating. Positive steering**
- **Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission with pre-selective self-changing gearbox**
  (Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler Patents)

BRITISH CARS LAST LONGER

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY

THE NEW

Daimler

'FIFTEEN'
(16.2 H.P.)

SIX-LIGHT SALOON **£475**

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YOUR MOVE . . . FOR A SUNNY HOLIDAY

SPECIAL TOURIST Rate of Exchange

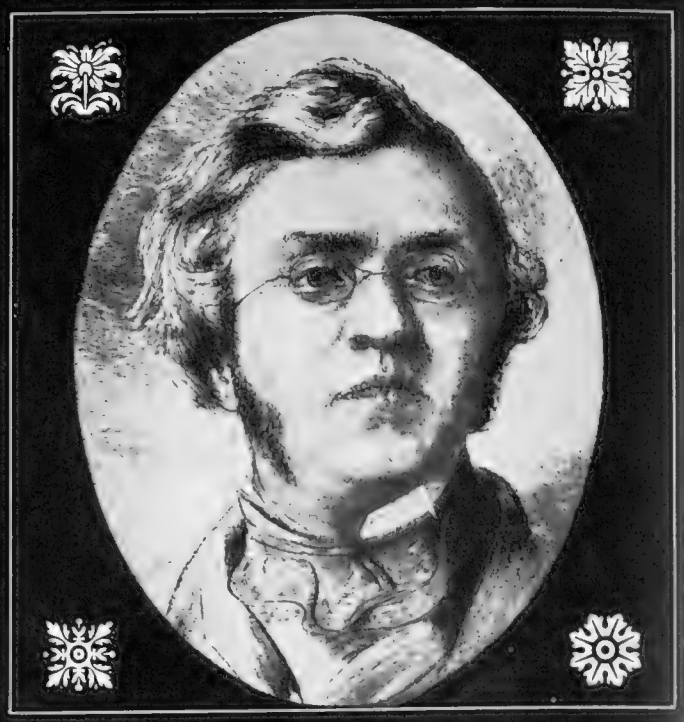
50%—70% REDUCTION IN RAIL FARES

PETROL at 1/2 or 1/7 a gallon

For Information: E.N.I.T., 38, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. or Any Travel Agency

HOTEL COUPONS 5/- to 18/- a day absolutely inclusive

Personal Recommendations Tell



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

repeatedly described himself as a satirist. After a sojourn in Baden-Baden he could not deny himself the pleasure of jotting down in his incomparable way some of the observations culled from this famous health resort.

(The Newcomes. 1855.)

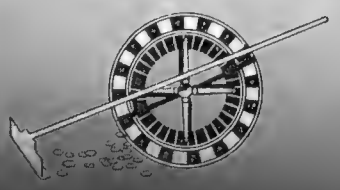
„So they travelled by the accustomed route to the prettiest town of all places, where pleasure has set up her tents: Baden-Baden, and where the gay, the melancholy, the idle or occupied, grave or naughty, come for amusement, or business, or relaxation; where London beauties, having danced and flirted all the season, may dance and flirt a little more; . . . where I have seen severe London lawyers, forgetting their wigs and the Temple, trying their luck against fortune and M. Bénazet; where wistful schemers conspire and prick cards down, and deeply mediate the infallible coup; . . . where you meet wonderful countesses and princesses, whose husbands are almost always absent on their vast estates — in Italy, Spain, Piedmont — who knows where their Lordships possessions are? — while trains of suitors surround those wandering Penelopes their noble wives . . . ."

Cure while you play in

BADEN-BADEN

BLACK FOREST

Fashionable social life all the year round.
Golf, tennis, riding and every other type of sport.
CASINO: Roulette, Baccara, Klondyke.



Full information from all Travel-Agencies, from the German Railways-Information-Bureau, London SW 1, Regent-Street 19, or direct from the "Bäder- und Kurverwaltung" Baden-Baden.

Special brochure "England in Baden-Baden", free of charge.

Cruising South to the Sunshine

Varied Routes from which the Traveller may Make Choice

WHILE Jack Frost is beating his retreat to the rugged strongholds of the Alpine peaks, the Tatra mountains, and the lofty slopes of Scandinavia, taking with him the last battalions of the winter sports army, the spring cruising season is running up the Blue Peter. It is true that the coming months will not see quite so many liners engaged in this pleasure work, but there are various economic factors at work, and it would be a mistake to interpret the position as any decline in the enthusiasm for this form of holiday. I know many people who, having once been on a cruise, will not give a second thought to any other kind of holiday.

We become more cruise conscious at this time of the year but actually it is always with us and if there is any break in the season at all it is in November. That applies to the Northern Hemisphere only and there is plenty of sea travel for

A COOL RETREAT: A courtyard in the old Saharan town of Marrakesh, which has of recent years become popular with European tourists. It is easily reached from Casablanca or Safi

pleasure going on in equatorial and southern waters when we are groping our way through the fogs or welcoming the brighter signs of on-coming Christmas in the shops. With the approach of Easter the sailing lists tell their own tale. The number of liners leaving these waters on cruises rises substantially and goes on rising until the peak month of July when this year we shall have not far short of 100 departures from ports in the United Kingdom and that part of the Continent most accessible to us. Many of these are cruises pure and simple, others are short voyages on regular liners, and the remainder those cheap and very popular week-ends at sea in the serviceable steamers of the railway companies.

Looking back for a moment on the cruising which has been going on since Christmas it may occur to you that we have heard very little of the liners which went away in December and January. That is due to their progress being carried out according to plan and without serious hitch. Two of them are at the moment about as far away from us as they can get. The *Franconia* is due at Manila next week and has yet to visit Bali in the Dutch East Indies, one of the "high spots" of her cruise, Australasia, Honolulu, and other places before passing through the Panama Canal on her way to New York and Liverpool where her journey ends on June 13.

The *Empress of Britain*, too, is in the Pacific following a different itinerary to the Canal, and reaches Southampton on May 24. The *Gripsholm* returning from her leisurely cruise round South America is now on her way to Bermuda, the last call before New York and she will be in Southampton Water on April 4. The *Duchess of Richmond* last week completed her cruise to the West Indies and the Spanish Main and the *Duchess of Atholl* which has been a shorter cruise in the same waters, is now somewhere between Las Palmas and Southampton where she is due early next week.

Another ship in the front rank of "cruisers", the *Atlantis*, has been round Africa and is due on Monday. She will be off again at the end of the week to a mathematical position without a signpost, which we know as the Equator. The occasion will no doubt be honoured with the modern interpretation of the traditional honours due to old Neptune. The cruise will include calls to Las Palmas, Freetown in Sierra Leone, Takoradi on the Gold Coast, Bathurst in Gambia, Teneriffe, and Madeira. The Atlantic Islands and some of these ports on the mainland will be visited by quite a number of cruising liners in the next two or three months. Dakar where something may be seen of French colonial Africa is included in the *Duchess of Atholl's* cruise from Southampton next week.

These places on the West African coast have a singular attraction for me, largely on account of the people one meets. The natives certainly know how to give you a cheery welcome even if they have an eye on what they are going to get out of you, but you will find plenty of natural beauty there and history too, for the first attempts at colonising were carried out by Hanno, the Carthaginian, long before the Christian era. To-day there is prosperity along the Coast and wise administration has long since wiped out the slur of "the white man's grave." Dakar, by the way, has an added importance in these days as an air port.

Quite different but none the less attractive are the impressions the traveller gets in Morocco. Casablanca is the port favoured by the liners, though if the weather permits landings are made at Safi, farther to the south, for an excursion by motor coach to the old Saharan town of Marrakesh, 96 miles away.

The first port of call for many of the cruising liners coming into the West African waters and those turning into the Mediterranean is Lisbon, and they usually allow enough time for the tourists

GEM OF THE GENOESE GULF: Looking from a garden across the still waters to the picturesque houses round the harbour of Portofino

to see something of this city which is one of the most beautiful in the world. Cintra is one of the places to see and it is easily accessible. So is Estoril, the Riviera of Portugal. In Lisbon itself the most beautiful building is the Convent of Jeronymos, founded to commemorate the discovery of the sea route to India by Vasco da Gama in the closing years of the fifteenth century.

Most of the established resorts in the Mediterranean will be seeing something of the cruising liners in the course of the next two months or so and some of the vessels go right through to the Levant. Rhodes, Cyprus, Istanbul, and Athens are places we all want to visit and the beautiful Dalmatian coast where the chances are all in favour of the most delightful weather is an ideal cruising ground. With the panorama of so much beauty and colour passing through one's mind it seems hopeless to attempt any guide as to the things to look for, but if your liner happens to include Messina do not miss the excursion to Taormina for the sake of its own beauty and its exceptionally interesting ruins including the largest Greek theatre in Sicily.

Although not cruising in the ordinary sense the exceptional facilities for Atlantic holidays which

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU:
Special Cruising Section

AN EMPTY BASKET HIS HEADDRESS: A fisherman of Camara de Lobos, a well-known Madeira fishing port

come into operation in time for Easter should not be overlooked. Here indeed we have something new in travel value. The first period of the excursion fares is between April 11 and 24, and it will probably surprise you to know that this covers no fewer than seventeen ships sailing from our ports to the United States. One of them is the *Queen Mary*. In addition they are five departures to Canada. Later on, from June 13 to July 10 there is another period when these cheap fares will be available to the travelling public.

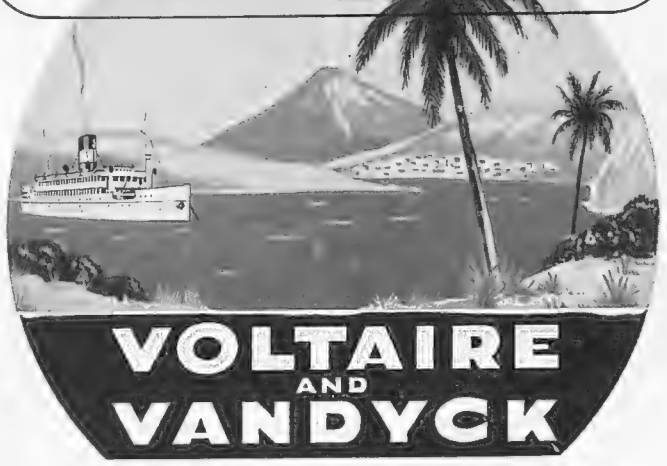
The minimum tourist rate announced is £31 10s. and 3rd class, £27. The rates vary somewhat according to the liner, and they are naturally highest for the *Queen Mary* and *Normandie*—£46 5s. and £32 5s. for the respective classes. On these excursions you may, if you wish, spend up to four weeks on the other side. All the liners are on the ordinary schedules, and if you are tempted to explore sea travel possibilities to other parts by regular routes you will find that special summer rates are offered by lines running to Egypt, the Atlantic Isles, and South Africa.

Beverley Brooke

Drawn by Percy Home

ROMAN RUINS ON THE DALMATIAN COAST: The so-called temple of Jupiter at Spalato, or Split, the town which in the third century A.D. the Emperor Diocletian made his retreat

CRUISING



First Class only *Window or porthole in every room*

EASTER CRUISES

APRIL 14. "Voltaire" from Southampton to Canary Islands, calling at Casablanca, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Las Palmas, Teneriffe Madeira, and Lisbon. **18 days from 25 gns.**

APRIL 14. "Vandyck" from Liverpool to the Mediterranean, calling at Gibraltar, Villefranche (Monte Carlo, Nice), Naples, Capri, and Lisbon. **19 days from 26 gns.**

MAY CRUISES

MAY 7. "Voltaire" from Southampton to Dalmatian Coast and Venice, calling at Palermo, Kotor, Dubrovnik, Venice, Abbazia, Corfu, Malta, and Lisbon. **24 days from 34 gns.**

MAY 14. "Vandyck" from Liverpool to Atlantic Islands, calling at Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira, Lisbon. **14 days from 18 gns.**

WHITSUN CRUISES

JUNE 4. "Voltaire" from Southampton to Mediterranean (Monte Carlo, Nice, Naples, etc.). **18 days from 25 gns.**

JUNE 4. "Vandyck" from Liverpool to Atlantic Isles and Morocco. **13 days from 17 gns.**

ROUND VOYAGES to SOUTH AMERICA
Regular service of First Class Cargo Vessels

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GENOA and the RIVIERA

RAPALLO—S. MARGHERITA LIGURE—PORTOFINO—NERVI—PEGLI
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for Ideal Holidays

ART — HISTORY — FESTIVALS — SPORTS

GENOA: Exhibition of sixth and seventh century Genoese Painters during June and July at the Palazzo Reale.

RAPALLO: Golf and Tennis. **S. MARGHERITA:** Yacht Regattas and Boating.

Information: E.N.I.T., 38, Piccadilly, London, W.1; or any Tourist Agency

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Colombia
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Milano and Terminus
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Stella
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Nord
Firenze

GENOA-NERVI
Eden
Savoy
Vittoria
Miramare and Strand
Giardino Riviera
Nervi
Pagoda and Schwelzerhof
Palmenpark

GENOA-PEGLI
Mediterraneo

ARENZANO
Grand Hotel Arenzano

PORTOFINO VETTA (Camogli)
Gr. Hotel Portofino Vetta

ZOAGLI
Bristol

RAPALLO
Excelsior and New Casino
Elisabetta
Beau Sejour
Moderno
Riviera Splendide
Marsala
Minerva
Rosa Bianca
Villa Serena
Ginetta

S. MARGHERITA LIGURE
Imperiale
Continentale
Regina Elena
Mediterranée Mignon
Paraggi
Suisse

SESTRI LEVANTE
Jensch
Nettuno

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK: *Left*—One of the awe-inspiring ravines at Constantine, Algeria. *Right*—Fishing boats thronging the foreshore at Camara de Lobos, Madeira

WHERE THE CRUISING LINERS GO

Details of Spring Itineraries of Leading Companies

The following notes compiled from the programmes of the cruising liners group the tours according to the places visited. The fares quoted here are in all cases the minimum rates.

Atlantic Isles and the West Coast.—*Atlantis* (Royal Mail) from Southampton March 26 to Las Palmas, Freetown, the Equator, Takoradi, Bathurst, Teneriffe, and Madeira, 26 days: 45 guineas.

Voltaire (Lamport and Holt) Southampton April 14 to Casablanca, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira and Lisbon, 18 days: 25 guineas. Also *Vandyck* May 14 from Liverpool to Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira, and Lisbon, 14 days: 18 guineas.

Duchess of Atholl (C.P.R.) from Southampton March 23 to Madeira, Freetown, Dakar, Casablanca, Lisbon, 20 days: 34 guineas. Also *Duchess of Richmond* from Southampton April 14 to Madeira, Casablanca, Lisbon, 11 days: 19 guineas.

Montrose (C.P.R.) from Liverpool May 28 to Dublin, Madeira, Las Palmas, Casablanca, and Lisbon, 13 days: £13. (This is the first of the series of twenty "Sun Tan" cruises by the Mont liners. Eleven of them include the Atlantic Isles).

Booth liners on the Amazon service call at Madeira and reduced fares operate from May to September.

Stuttgart from Southampton April 8 to Lisbon, Madeira, and Casablanca, 11 days: £16. Also April 25, 13 days: £18.

St. Louis from Southampton April 15 to Lisbon, Casablanca, Canaries, and Madeira, 15 days: £18.

Rajputana from London May 14 to Lisbon, Gibraltar, and Casablanca, 11 days: 19 guineas.

The Blue Funnel Line steamers have a summer return fare to the Canaries and Madeira between May 1 and September 30 of £17.

Western Mediterranean.—*Vandyck* (Lamport and Holt) from Liverpool on April 14 to Gibraltar, Villefranche, Naples, Capri, and Lisbon, 19 days: 26 guineas.

Atlantis (Royal Mail) on May 20 from Southampton to Algiers, Cannes, Naples, Amalfi, Palermo, and Lisbon, 18 days: 31 guineas.

Arandora Star from Southampton on May 14 to Algiers, Rapallo, Naples, Messina, Malta, Bizerta (for Tunis), 18 days: 32 guineas.

Stratheden (P & O) from London May 27 to Southampton, Fiumicino (for Rome) Naples and Malta, 14 days: £22 (first); £13 (tourist).

Orford (Orient) is making four short cruises in July and August carrying first and tourist classes.

Adriatic.—*Atlantis* (Royal Mail) from Southampton April 23 to Messina, Catania, Corfu, Kotor, Dubrovnik, Brioni, Venice, Abbazia, Korcula, and Malta, 23 days: 39 guineas.

Voltaire (Lamport and Holt) from Southampton on May 7 to Palermo, Kotor,

(*Continued on page* 488)

SPRING COMES EARLY TO THE RIVIERA HINTERLAND: On the Riviera itself flowers grow all the year round in the open, even tropical plants, cacti, and the like flourish in the exotic gardens of Monaco. Among the hills a different order presides; seasons are marked, and in the space of a few hours one can run through the gamut of two seasons in reverse as it were, from early summer on the lower spurs, as witness this picture taken on Mont Agel, near Monte Carlo golf course, to winter on the brink of the eternal snow line where ski-ing is in full swing

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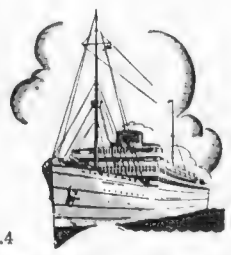

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22 days afloat, 4/5 days in Egypt.

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ALFRED HOLT & Co. INDIA BUILDINGS LIVERPOOL

OVER THE ROOFS AND FAR AWAY: Looking across Cairo, Egypt's populous and ever interesting capital

Where the Cruising Liners Go

(*Continued from page* 486)

Dubrovnik, Venice, Abbazia, Corfu, Malta, and Lisbon, 24 days: 34 guineas.

Eastern Mediterranean.—*Orion* (Orient Line) on April 14 from London to Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, and Greece, 22 days: 42 guineas. Also on May 7 from Southampton to Tangier, Rhodes, Istanbul, Athens, Capri, and Naples, 20 days: 38 guineas. Also May 28 from Southampton to Gibraltar, Athens, Rhodes, Santorin, Syra and Messina, 17 days: 31 guineas. *Orford* (Orient Line) is making two direct voyages to Egypt and Palestine and back in 18 days in the autumn and will carry first and tourist classes.

Arandora Star from Southampton April 14, to Algeria, Dalmatian coast, Yugoslavia, Italy, Greece, and the Riviera, 23 days: 43 guineas.

Inclusive fares for summer tours to Cairo by the Blue Funnel Line are £42. They give 22 days afloat and 4 or 5 days in Egypt.

The Bibby Line announce 26 days at sea and 6 days in Cairo for £45.

Strathmore (Orient) from London on May 7 to Istanbul, Athens, Venice, and Dubrovnik, 22 days: £35 (first); £22 (tourist).

Western Isles.—This route is an attractive feature of the 6-day Continental voyages by the Blue Funnel Line. These steamers are engaged in the regular Far Eastern passenger services and are all over 10,000 tons. There is a sailing every month from London to Rotterdam, and they stay in the Dutch port long enough for passengers to visit some of the places of interest. They finish their journey at Glasgow via the north and west coasts of Scotland. Some of the Bibby Line steamers (12,000 tons) also use this route and others return from the Continent through the English Channel. They vary their ports on the other side—Antwerp, Hamburg and Rotterdam—and finish at Liverpool. These cruises occupy eight days and there are departures from London on alternate Saturdays.

The Union Castle Line also run Continental holiday cruises from London back to London. They occupy 11 or 12 days.

Across the Atlantic.—The Canadian Pacific have an escorted Easter tour to Canada and the United States by the *Duchess of Atholl* which leaves Liverpool on April 14. The party will visit Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Niagara Falls, and New York. The all-in fares are from £48 10s. Escorted tours across Canada and to the Rocky Mountains are in the programme for later in the year.

South Africa.—Special off-season fares are announced by the Blue Funnel Line. They are available outwards from January 1 to July 31. The return fare to Capetown is £79.

PORTUGAL'S SUNSHINE COAST: The beach at Estoril, the popular resort near the mouth of the Tagus

THE OASIS OF AL KANTARA, often known as "The Gateway of the Desert," is one of North Africa's most ruggedly beautiful spots

The Amazon.—The mighty river experiences such little variation of temperature that the 1,000-mile sail up to Manaos by one of the Booth steamers can be done in comfort at practically any time of the year. The next sailings are by the *Hilary* on April 8 and *Anselm* on May 17. The round voyage includes calls at Oporto, Lisbon, Madeira, and Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, and occupies about 50 days. The fare, £75, includes the cost of the shore excursions organised at the ports of call. There is something singularly attractive about these tours.

Shore Excursions.—It is always wise to let the people who know local conditions and the inhabitants make the arrangements for the shore excursions. Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son Limited, with their world wide organisation are in a unique position for doing that, and in connection with many of the cruises they issue special pamphlets giving details of the visits possible in the time at the disposal of the parties from the cruising liners. These pamphlets are available on application at any of their offices and are full of interest.

On right—WAVING PALMS, BLUE SKIES, AND GOLDEN SANDS: A romantic scene near the mouth of the Amazon, the great river up which the Booth liners run

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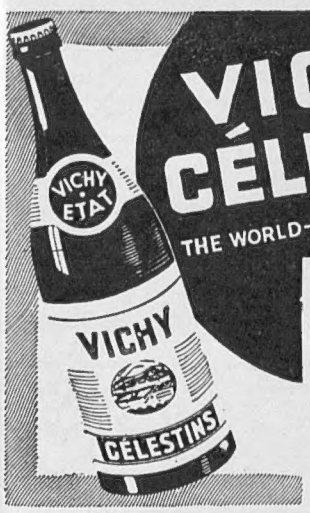

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(Hacks and Hunters at the door upon request.)

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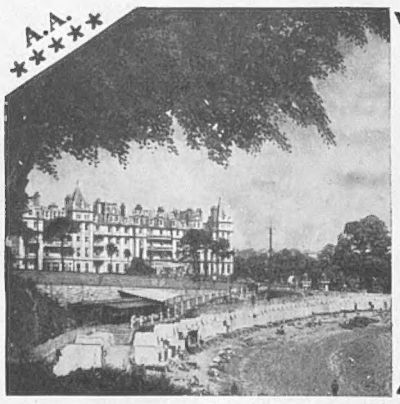

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where Summer is months ahead of the calendar. Come early this year; enjoy our flowers, our glorious climate, our pleasant healthy way of life, our cooking, our comfortable hotel. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Prop., A. Colley.

Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

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In Quest o

Off the Beaten Track in th mile Motor Run an

MARCH 5, 1938, was one of those rare spring-like days which are all too infrequent in the British Isles. Originally I had intended to give hotels and the road a complete rest during the week-end, but the birds were so insistent that this was no day for bed, however comfortable it may be (and it was!) that I decided to have a busman's holiday and explore pastures new. So shortly before eleven o'clock I sallied forth. Presently I was threading my way through York, her Minster veiled in mist, her inhabitants infected by cup-tie fever, and a few minutes later I had covered that fine stretch of highway which now connects York with Malton. Shortly after Malton I scented my first objective—a neat road sign which said "Brompton Hall Hotel, fifty bedrooms, straight ahead" all of which was clear enough till I almost overshot another board which read "turn left here."

Actually Brompton Hall Hotel lies on the Pickering Road, 7 miles from Scarborough in the village of Brompton-by-Sawdon. Who the directors are of the company which owns it I know not, but if their two other hotels, the Harlow Manor Hotel, Harrogate, and the Hydro Hotel, Cliftonville, Kent, are as tastefully furnished and decorated I can recommend them all with confidence.

I am not one of those who bemoan the fact that so many of England's stately homes have been converted into hotels, but I do sometimes deplore the fact that their characteristics have been destroyed. Brompton Hall represents to my mind the essence of good taste. It is a model of all that a country house hotel should be—for comfort is exemplified in every room.

Each bedroom I went into was individually attractive. They were warm, bright, and overlooked peaceful lawns, centuries old yew hedges and terraced walks. Adjoining were riding stables, for around is an unspoilt England of moors and country lanes. As I arrived a golfing party came in from Ganton, which is five miles away. All through the year Brompton Hall gets its quota of visitors, and one discovers from the tariff that from October to Easter the inclusive terms are 3 to 4 guineas, and only 4 to 5½ guineas in summer.

On the look-out for a clean looking "local," for Brompton Hall is not licensed, I espied the Cayley Arms in the same village. Here I had an aperitif of good measure at a fair price, and I noticed for the information of those who are always on the look out for pleasant little inns, that bed and breakfast could be obtained for 6s. 6d. and the inclusive terms per day were 10s. 6d.

Continuing towards Scarborough, I gleaned from the map that one could at West Ayton cut across devious lanes to the main Scarborough-Whitby road. The beauty of this unspoilt tract is indescribable. First the Forge Valley, a

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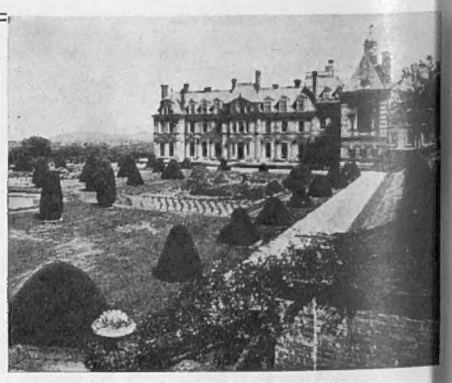

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Good Hotels

ASHLEY COURTENAY

orth of England: A 169-mile run and what it Yielded

rest of trees, running water and, I pect, primroses galore in spring. Then e valley widens. Suffield Heights lie the right, Mount Misery (what an appropriate name!) on the left . . . d so to Hackness.

Here one turns right-handed, the ad winding through a private estate on to Silpho and Suffield Moor, a land pines, heather and bracken. Climbing emingly ever upward, I dropped down Harwood Dale—and eventually, and ther reluctantly, reached civilisation ain on the main road at a point miles equidistant from Whitby and arborough.

kirting Whitby, Old and New, I made for Sleights and the main ckering road, keeping a sharp look- t for the signpost which directs one Goathland.

Here I had already heard of my objec- e—the Goathland Hydro. "Hydro" I feel here, a misnomer, for hydro rely means "cure by water," and the re at Goathland is solely good air, od food, and perfect surroundings. should be renamed the Goathland ven Hotel, for here is a complete ren of rest from the turmoil of every- y town life. No wonder the great jority of visitors hail from London d other big cities.

Far stretching moorland in every rection, pure and invigorating air and, as headquarters, this haven of simplicity. One is reminded of that simplicity which characterises the hotels in Norway. There is no coloured furniture but there are light oak doors, floors, and furniture everywhere. And all the furniture is made on the premises! Here in the bracing air of Goathland, where there is such a sense of space and the feeling of freedom, there is also the security of self-supportment. Everything is manufactured on the premises, electric light, farm produce, furniture, right down to your cakes for tea.

It is a place you'll either like or dislike immensely. If you like it you will have the greatest difficulty in tearing yourself away. It is open all the year round; and from Easter to October its twenty-seven bedrooms are mostly full. Many of the same people return year after year. Even the staff, in these days of staff trouble, love being there; and if you appreciate wide open spaces, yet like to feel civilisation is round the corner, let it be known that Whitby is but nine miles away and Goathland boasts of a 9-hole golf course.

And so back, via that superb moorland drive, to Pickering, then to Malton, York and Harrogate, to conclude a 169-mile run.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

A peaceful spring residence . . .

IN a sunny sheltered park of 60 acres with a sporting golf course; lawns, woodland and water now at their loveliest. Hunting. Racing. Beagling . . . or just resting. 85 bedrooms and suites with every comfort. Modern equipment, courteous service and generous hospitality. Write to S. Hancock, Director, for a copy of "Here is peace," a description of

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. . AWAKENED in the morning to the roar of the surf, with the gulls wheeling in the sunshine and the waiter wheeling in breakfast? Thinking—shall it be golf, or a drive up the coast to Tintagel, a fishing line off the point or just a stroll and a surf-bathe before lunch?

. . AWAKENED again in the evening to the clink of glasses in the bar, the murmur of conversation at dinner . . . and finished up to the strains of Shirley Waldron's Band keeping time in the Ballroom?

COME IN EARLY SUMMER TO

THE HEADLAND *by* **NEWQUAY**

Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment. *Telephone: Newquay 511*

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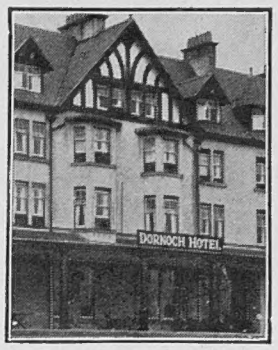

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PERTHSHIRE — CASTLE HOTEL, GLENDEVON

A luxuriously appointed hotel with every modern convenience in the heart of the Perthshire Highlands and under the personal supervision of the Resident Directors. Altitude 850 ft. Situated in 7½ acres of own grounds. Gleneagles golf 15 mins., 9 hole course, 5 mins. Excellent loch and river fishing free. 15,000 acres of shooting. Unrivalled position for motoring and walking.

Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. *Telephone and telegrams Muckhart 27.*

A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., B.F.S.S. Hotel.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Beaulieu (New Forest).—Montagu Arms. Tel.324
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Impney Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath.—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¾).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. A.A. R.A.C.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate. W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
in 'The Two Gun Dick' saloon,
They'd had a pack on a winning hack
that very afternoon

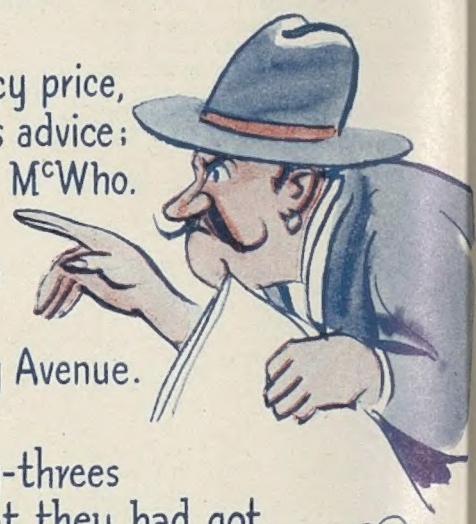
Reading "The
Evening Argus"
sat Dangerous
Dan McWho;

Serving the drinks behind the bar,
the lady known as Sue.

(But DUGGIE, the Lad with
No limit you'll find in
Shaftesbury Avenue)

Then out of the night which was
dripping wet and into the din and glare
Came Tubby Squibs with the winners' dibs and a horrible glassy stare.
He looked like a man who has heard the worst, as he ordered a double rum.
And the boys all waited with tenseness for the thunderbolt to come.

They'd backed a rank outsider which came home at a fancy price,
Placing their 'dough' with a bloke named Joe, against Dangerous Dan's advice;
They'd sworn he was straight – "He may be, mates," said Dangerous Dan McWho.
"Will he pay the odds?" And he'd sent *his*
wire by the lady known as Sue
To DUGGIE, the Lad with No limit,
in Shaftesbury Avenue.



33 TO 1!

When the boys all heard that thirty-threes
was the most that they had got,
They started to bellow that Bookie Joe
was the son of a you-know-what.
Behind his evening paper,
grinned Dangerous Dan McWho,
For he had won at 100 to 1 with the wire
that was sent by Sue —

100 TO 1!

To Duggie
-the Lad with NO limit

of Shaftesbury Avenue.

(With apologies to Robert Service and incidentally to H. Leach)

. . . he's waiting to open a Credit Account with you.

DOUGLAS STUART : STUART HOUSE : SHAFTESBURY AVE : LONDON W.C.2

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